

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
EMMERA,
OR THE
FAIR AMERICAN.

VOL. II.

THE
ADVENTURES



IN
THE
FAIR AMERICAN

VOL. II

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ADVENTURES
OF
EMMERA,
OR THE
FAIR AMERICAN.

EXEMPLIFYING
The Peculiar Advantages of SOCIETY
and RETIREMENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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THE
FAIR AMERICAN.

LETTER XV.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

YOUR complaints, my dearest Kitty, are really unjust—How can you possibly conceive I should write any syllable worth reading in the idlest hour, if I was to write oftener!—All my subjects, if condensed into meer matter of fact or matter of entertainment, would be contracted into the compass of half a sheet—judge then what a profusion of useless words—what tautology!—But repetition among friends must be indulged, or letters be no longer the transcript of the mind: for much repetition will there be of ideas of kindness and affection, and if they are not expressed, other more unpleasing and

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less interesting subjects will gain admittance. Such is the apology I make for my own stupidity. Is it accepted or not? Tell me if I must write news from American forests—give you anecdotes of an Indian queen's court, and the bon mots of her drawing-room: or describe the fashions of my sex among the Mohawks?—My letters must be more insipid—and it is in your friendship I rely for a tender eye to their universal wants.

My father has been a dreadfully hazardous voyage down a great river with a barbarous name of twenty syllables.—He is returned horribly fatigued—but overflows with praises of the country, and talks of nothing but vast rivers. He satisfies his curiosity at the expence of his body: his affections are so rivetted to this country, that he is determined to purchase a tract of land in this neighbourhood without delay—and build on it, with intention to settle immediately. He is astonished at my brother's unaccountable stay in the woods alone—but is not displeased

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pleased at it ; forbids me to interrupt him, as he expects he will like the country as well as himself ; and says it would give him great pleasure, if Sir Philip would settle here.

What can be the mystery of my brother's strange absence I cannot guess at : It must be something further than a trifling common amour, as I at first suspected—but it is a very extraordinary accident indeed if he has met with any other. Heaven preserve him in safety, is my prayer—but it is not in my power to give him any assistance would he allow me to suspect his want of it.

Since I wrote my last, here is a new lodger come—who pressed the Jones's to receive him on their own terms. They refused it until my father gave his approbation : He dined with us—a middle aged man ; said his design was to purchase land in our settlements, but chose to be better acquainted with the country first—My father was highly pleased with him, and desired the people by all means to accommodate him. This gentleman's name

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is Francis ; has no family, and attended only by one footman. My father, from a similarity of opinions, likes his conversation, so he visits us a good deal ; one thing recommends him to me, he is passionately fond of music, brought a violin with him—and accompanies my harpsichord with no ordinary skill. He is a reserved man, but appears to be sensible and agreeable.

Your account of Edgerton is quite shocking—it raises an abhorrence in me at the very idea of the wretch ; and surely ought to be a striking lesson to us all, to know well a man before we think two minutes about him. So detestable a fellow deserves no mercy—— If you have it in your power, Kitty, in your plan of confounding him with his wife, ruin him completely—Hang him if possible. Such a man should be considered with the same horror as a mad dog, and shot at by every soul that sees him. You have laid your scheme, I think, perfectly well, and if the execution is as happy as the design, it will be

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equally moral and entertaining. But is there no way to punish that old hag? You will make but an imperfect business of it, if you do not contrive to maul her—I think, after joining her to blow up Edgerton, you should join him to demolish her, which he would rejoice at, I question not. These men—But I will not proceed. I was going to scribble a satire—but a conclusion you will read with more pleasure.

I therefore remain, &c.

H. CHETWYN.

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LETTER XVI.

Mr. EDGERTON to Colonel FORRESTER.

ZOUNDS, Forrester! if I get this old curmudgeon's niece—which I certainly shall, and her fifteen hundred per ann. I will make him run mad with very spite—and rather than not confound his cursed folly and stupidity, I will have him pressed into a man of war just sailing for Bengal. Heavens! what pleasure is there in mounting ones-self to riches, honours, and so forth, by the means of fools, and then kicking them from under one! Clapping horns on a puppy of a husband is nothing, if we have not the satisfaction of telling him of his happiness—like Zanga in the Revenge,

‘ ’Twas I;—I plac’d them there,

‘ Thou beast of ill fame!’—

The old fellow swallowed my bait of marrying his niece, as I told you before,

at

at once—and since that time has been never easy but in my company. I warrant he thinks, if he can but draw me in for a nephew, he shall be a very Machiavel in contrivance. He labours hard at it, talks much of the good condition of his niece's estate; how well tenanted—in thorough repair—contiguous—well wooded—Quick work I'll make with those woods!—And lastly, a handsome sum of money before-hand. I put him off from conversing on the subject from time to time, seemed very shy of the affair—often complained of the expensiveness of the times; and added, with a shrug, “No imprudence like marrying, unless to an equal fortune.”—

Of late I have appeared to listen to his recommendations of the match, which has been quite fresh fuel to his fire, and made him so eager in it, that I have no doubt but I may dictate my own terms—A capital idea came into my head, which made me take occasion to say one day, in a half-meaning

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manner,—"But, zounds, Mr. Carter! my very soul has an abhorrence at spending money among lawyers; and if them rogues did not secure every thing clearly, how do we know what disputes might ensue among our children and grandchildren—Faith, I could trust none but such as I knew"—

Name 'em—Mr. Edgerton—name your own lawyers—I will not squabble about names—John or Thomas—What signifies who, if they are but of the law.

'Twill never do, Mr. Carter—But however, I'll consider of it—so far I'll promise you.

Thank ye, my dear friend—Thank ye—

As soon as I left him, I sent for Merrist the attorney—you know him—

Mr. Merrist, I have some thoughts of being married.

Sir, I am your most humble servant: If I can be of any service in—

Marriage settlements, Mr. Merrist, they say is pretty profitable business, ha!

Very

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Very well to be sure, Sir : I shall in any business you think proper to favour me with, be particularly——

Whoever I employ, Mr. Merrif, must——

Oh ! dear Sir, I was never a pedant in my profession——You know I submit to any little particularities in my clients.

I say, Mr. Merrif, marriage writings are very profitable——but I purpose making the business more than commonly so, by presenting my attorney with two hundred guineas——

Indeed, Sir !

Two hundred guineas !——on the nail.

A very handsome reward, I must confess——You know, Sir, I always——

I know your virtues well, Mr. Merrif : and as they are great, have some idea of employing you——

You lay me under infinite obligations, Sir.

But, Mr. Merrif——in return you must draw the writings verbatim as I dictate——save your law expressions——

By

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By all means, Sir—Nothing in that at all.

Understand me well: You are to tie my intended father in law—not according to *his*, but *my* instructions—

Sir?—hum——

Oh! very true——hum——Two hundred guineas, Mr. Merrist!——

A dangerous affair though, Sir——hot service!——

Profitable business!—Two hundred guineas!——

Generous to be sure: But——

No buts, Mr. Merrist.

Additions I suppose to the settlement unknown to the lady's father?

Even so.

But when it is laid before council?

Leave that to me.

You will manage every point dexterously—and my name appear not once in the whole transaction?

Agreed.

Well

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Well then ; I think for five hundred guineas—a bond of indemnity from all charges——a valuable consideration acknowledged——my name not to appear—and my bill on the old gentleman supported as reasonable——I think——

Why in good faith you may think ! Thou mongrel, pettifogging dog—had I my sword I should pin you to the wall——

Very good, Sir. I am your very humble servant—I suppose you have no further occasion for me——

[The villainous dog turned the tables on me—I was forced to draw in my horns—]

Let me see, Mr. Merrist—Your terms are exorbitant—and I offered sufficient—nevertheless, I will add t'other fifty——

It will by no means do, Sir. Dangerous service ! I can take no less.

Three hundred guineas then——if you refuse that offer, you are welcome to leave me as soon as you please. I will go no further.

I can-

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I cannot venture my neck for that, Sir—but four hundred I will e'en take, and not one penny less.

Well, I will not have words with you: 'Tis agreed.

I will be punctual to your directions; and when I deliver the instruments for signing, will have a bond ready to me for my gratification—which you shall acknowledge before witnesses to be a valuable consideration, by receiving the sum from me in their presence.

Manage all that as you please.

Sir, your most humble servant.

Mr. Attorney, your's.

A pretty fellow this! one after my own heart: The dog was a most exacting rascal; but I was forced to agree. My next thought was after a counsellor as complying as my attorney: This point was more difficult than the other—not that knaves enough were not be found under the long robe of iniquity, but accidentally I was acquainted with none:

But

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But Jack Stopford (the queer fellow you may remember you met in my study, who talked you sick of Horace) removed the difficulty at once, by swearing he would personate a counsellor, and deceive the old dog, and all his relations. I accepted his offer, and am now ready for the first opportunity that offers, to be persuaded by the old fellow's urgent intreaties to accept fifteen hundred a year, and his niece.

In the mean time I gained ground every day with Miss—She thinks me the most accomplished, best dressed man in London, because I flatter her into an opinion that she is precisely that amongst the women—and the most extravagant praise I can bestow she scarcely thinks equal to her deserts. I must in six months consign her to Mother Gooch, or her whole fortune, so incumbered, would be a most horrid alternative. She is very loving, and grows impatient for our wedding, which I have talked of to her, absolutely *vice versa* to what I did to the uncle.

Soon

Soon after my settling the matters of law, the old fellow pushing me with rustic eloquence into his favourite scheme, I seemed to yield a little to him ; and he, eager to preserve the ground he thought he had gained, was particularly warm—I recollected myself on a sudden—

Zounds, Mr. Carter ! one circumstance I totally forgot—I should disoblige my Lord E. for ever—he is my near relation, and I have great expectations from him : He will allow me to marry nothing under quality.

Odds bobs !—That's mighty strange. Fifteen hundred a year, Mr. Edgerton !

Very true, Mr. Carter—but unless every thing was managed very privately, and all over without his knowledge, 'twould never do—When the business was done, and could not be undone, he might forgive it.

As privately as you please, Mr. Edgerton : Manage it as you like.

I then struck in with the old fool—and agreed to the marriage with seeming reluctance. I told him I would send counsellor

Stopford,

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Stopford, a lawyer of very great eminence, to receive the necessary papers (a chest of which he had wrote for out of the country) and put into his hands the proper particulars of my fortune; and added, that the counsellor would tell him at once the usual settlements in all cases. He was perfectly satisfied, desired to see Mr. Stopford directly, and all matters, he doubted not, would be speedily settled to my satisfaction. Stopford, arrayed in scientific garb, with volubility of tongue, uttered a deluge of nonsense—all was read learning and law: Merrist received his directions, and is at present employed in earning the four hundred. The middle of next month I am to be married; the old fellow in the mean time keeping mighty hush and close—and hugs himself I warrant in the idea of his excellent management at catching me for his niece. You see my affairs bear a blooming countenance—Spite of fortune I must succeed—Nothing can prevent me—Adieu. Your's, &c.

R. EDGERTON.

LETTER XVII.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

YOUR last letter makes me impatient for another——impatient through spite—for I think I shall sift out of it, that this new brother lodger, this *musical* gentleman, will fiddle himself into your good opinion—I wish he may plague you for a few strokes of affectation I think I see in your letter. You know I am very keen-sighted at the faults of my friends! A *reserved man* too——it will certainly be so.

Now, my dearest, I am the very reverse of you——for I know well you would deny every thing of the matter, if it was all that I predict——out of bashfulness forsooth!——which is what I have no idea of among friends; and as a proof, you must know, I have a new admirer: A very gallant——fightly sort of a man——much such an one as——let me see——But you shall hear——

My

My father went into Kent, for a few days, on a visit to his old friend Mr. Sinclair—— The son was at home, not long since arrived from his travels. My father liked his appearance and conversation, and I dare swear, thought of him immediately as one he could wish was my husband—That, you know, is like him—he is naturally a great match-maker; and besides, I know is ridiculous enough to want to have me *well married*, as the cant phrase is. Young Sinclair designed a journey into Northamptonshire on some business of his father's——my father purposes one too; so he invited him to spend a week at our house in town, and then they are to take the journey together——and here he is, strange as it would generally seem, with my good opinion as well as my father's. He is about twenty-six years of age——a person rather stately for a young man, but very well made, and graceful in his motions. His face not handsome, but his countenance exceeding sensible. He is neither conceited in

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his conversation, nor foppish in his dress—has no wit, but many of those little spirited strokes of description and raillery which sometimes make one think him witty, for want of carefully distinguishing between what is really wit—or only quick remarks of good sense. His conversation is to me entertaining—and, in fine, I like the man because he is exceeding good natured.

* * * *

I have had a conversation with Mr. Sinclair, which I think you would not have disliked hearing; and that is sufficient reason with me for writing it. I was asking him several questions concerning the manners and way of living at three or four places, where he had resided. He said he never spent his time so agreeably any where as at Rome; he was there greatly entertained with all kinds of the productions of the fine arts—and was in no want of agreeable conversation.

I suppose, Sir, you chiefly cultivated an acquaintance with the inhabitants?

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That, Madam, was principally my aim the last time I was at Rome; but when I was there in my way to Naples, I was so intimately acquainted with an English gentleman, one Mr. Chetwyn—

Mr. Chetwyn, Sir!—May I beg the favour of his christian name?

Philip, Madam—He has since, I am informed, received a Baronet's title from the Crown. I had the want of no foreign acquaintance, while I had the pleasure of his.

Have you been long acquainted with him, Sir?

I first knew him in Italy, and for some time corresponded with him after we parted—but I have not of a long time received a letter from him. I had a little difference at Rome with one Captain Forrester, an intimate of his, and I fear through his influence he has not since been cordial to me.

Do you know any thing of that Captain Forrester, Sir?

All I know further of him is only on report; that he has since returned home, and met with some promotion in his profession. I have a very ill opinion of him; and was always greatly surprized at my friend Mr. Chetwyn's being so intimate with him. By your enquiries, Madam, it should seem that you know something of these two gentlemen.

I know them well, Sir: and I have great reason to believe your opinion of both very just.

Is Sir Philip in England at present, Madam?

No, Sir. He is in North America—strangely situated.

He enquired particularly of the adventure, and I told him what I knew.

It is extremely odd, Madam, that he should be so desirous to remain in private so long: if he is fallen in love with any lady, he has accidentally happened to meet with, it is very strange he does not bring her with him to England, or at least to the society of his

his father and sister.—I am unhappy in not finding him in England, for, notwithstanding his old coldness, I would have renewed the acquaintance, had he been out of the trammels of Mr. Forrester; for I am fully convinced that he is a very worthy, deserving man.

I wish, Mr. Sinclair, you was acquainted with him enough to correspond, for I have a great curiosity to know the real case of the fair Incognita.

He replied, that he had some thoughts of doing it, as possibly his friend would take the remembrance kindly. He determined on it, and I inclosed his letter, which please to forward to your brother's hermitage as soon as you can. I most heartily wish he may answer it.

* * * *

Edgerton goes on in his plot against the Carters briskly. He is ever at their lodgings—the old fellow idolizes him—if I do not play my king of trumps on him at

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the critical moment, the villain will have two wives ; for I have no doubt of his carrying his point with Miss. But of late I don't hear so much of him, which makes me suspect he is a little private—but be he as cunning as the devil, I will open upon him in good time, to his mortal confusion.—

Adieu, my dearest—Let me hear from you as soon as the vile distance between us will permit—and don't be too short when you speak of the spark that plays a good violin.

C. HERVEY.

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LETTER XVIII.

Sir Philip CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

MY dear Sinclair, your letter, so agreeably unexpected a visitant, gave me the greatest pleasure: and is a strong proof, after the neglect I have been guilty of in leaving several of your letters unanswered, that you are a truly valuable friend indeed—a friend, who, without an affected regard, or a petulant captiousness, persists in aiming at a renewal of an old correspondence with a man every way unworthy such attention. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find (for I see it plainly in your letter) that you are still the easy, good humoured, sensible *Englishman* I spent so many agreeable hours with in Italy. I wish you may recognize *me* in my letter—for people, in general, like their friends changing neither for the better nor worse. Depend upon it, in one circumstance, I am just what you left me—a most

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sincere and hearty well-wisher to you in every situation in life.

My adventure here is singular enough—I—

[Here Sir Philip Chetwyn writes his friend the most material circumstances of his abode in America ; and then proceeds]

You see, my dear Harry, with what potent chains I am bound to these pleasing, hospitable woods. I have had the peculiar fortune to meet with a woman infinitely valuable in every respect, and who possesses my whole soul in all the ties of the warmest affection. You observe how excessively she is against my moving her into the common society of the world—notwithstanding my happiness rests so immediately on having the opportunity of being able to call her mine for ever—I am determined to marry her, the moment I can persuade her to leave her retirement—merely for that purpose. I would give her a solemn promise to return with her immediately after the business was done : for I must own I am quite in love with the
pleasing

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pleasing simplicity of the life I lead here : Every thing concurs to render it greatly agreeable ; a constant easiness and serenity of mind, with perfect health of body—the company of the woman I love—a charming climate—a sweet spot—What more but the addition of *wife* to the whole, can be wanting to make me happy ?—and then the society of a friend now and then, as often as agreeable to him, to make me completely so—I must manage it—I cannot rest without bringing these points, so satisfactory to my desires, to bear immediately, if any human persuasions can influence my Emmera.

* * * *

My fair friend, being remarkably chearful and easy this morning, I took the opportunity to slide imperceptibly into my suit. After a little conversation on the subject of her father's Narrative—

Your arguments, Mr. Chetwyn, in favour of the world, I must consider as prejudiced—natural, indeed, in a person bred up in it,
but

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but not of force to one who has no prejudices——

My fairest Emmera, you have a keen eye at my prejudices in favour of the world, but are totally blind to your own and your father's against it——

My father surely cannot be said to be prejudiced—he determined after long and variety of experience.

True; he did so—but recollect his conduct, my dearest Emmera, and judge impartially whether an estimate of the world in general is to be formed from the life of a single man, who met with many misfortunes brought on himself for want of being introduced into it to advantage.

Think of the villainy he met with. Can any person on their entrance into the world be fully secure that they shall not be deceived? It would be ridiculous to assert it.

Certainly. And so young a man as he was—so introduced, would be a very extraordinary

dinary one to escape. Mark, my Emmera, his setting out; under the inauspicious influence of parents who loved him not: In a profession of all others the most expensive, with not half a sufficiency of income——The necessary consequence was numerous debts that proved his ruin. Who could wonder at his conduct so young and among such company! All his misfortunes are to be laid to his father's management.

His father was but one link of a chain of knaves——But see the variety he met with during his whole residence in England! Did the father corrupt all that set of people and make them villains, that they might destroy his son?

The loss of his wife was one of those strokes of nature, which no region, no clime can be exempted from. The woods of America are equally within the dominions of death, as the most vicious country upon earth. The vile character of his first wife ought to have deterred him from the union—but his ignorance of that character was
an

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an imprudence not owing to the world, but himself—and all his imprisonments, and the variety of woe he met with in them, were solely owing to a want of affection in his father at first, in not setting him into life with an income equal to his station.

That proves at once then, that his happiness, after his introduction into life, was depending, in a great measure, on his income——

Doubtless!

Now, if human happiness can depend at all on any particular possession—its continuance must depend on the stability of such possession.

Perfectly well argued, my Emmera.

Now, Mr. Chetwyn, What is the stability of riches? What the certainty of a moderate fortune?

In England, very great.

Pray have you an estate in England?

A very good one.

Is

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Is it settled?

On my children.

Shall you think your children imprudent in trusting to that settlement?

No.

Should you think of bringing one son up a blacksmith, and another a carpenter, lest that settlement should be false?

By no means.

Yet you know this was precisely my father's case, and we have reason to believe the right was his—and had his estate come to him, his debts would not have been of consequence.

I agree to what you say. But, my Emma, unless one was better acquainted with the circumstances of that affair, it is impossible to judge clearly of it.

Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, that's a mere evasion: You see plain enough that my father had a right to the estate, but a rascal left it to another person, who had money enough to support a law-suit; and it is also very evident that

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that without money, right is of no significance. Now can any young man assure himself that he shall really inherit his right, if his relations prove knaves. Or can he assure himself that his supposed right is really such—that the law will not find a flaw in his title; and when he has been brought up with the expectation of an ample fortune, of a sudden be left in the jaws of poverty? May I not on such foundations assert, that there is no stability in riches?—you just now allowed that happiness in the world depended on a man's income—The inference is very plain——

My fairest disputant, I am amazed at the shrewdness of your argument—it favours much more of the world than this retirement: But there is one general answer to all reasoning, deduced from single instances—Observe the general conduct of human life: Do you commonly see misfortunes falling on men, when once they are properly introduced to the world—that may not easily be traced to
their

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their causes in their own imprudence? So confined a view as of one man only, can never give an idea of that general and wise œconomy in which the Deity disposes our sublunary affairs.

I am astonish'd, Mr. Chetwyn, at the sophistry of your arguments. You yourself allowed that happiness in the world depended on riches—Nothing will bear a stronger proof than the instability of riches.—You must likewise allow, that in society, a man is surrounded by millions of temptations—by the practisers of all kinds of vices—open to the attacks of envy, hatred, malice, hypocrisy and deceit—and what may, perhaps, be as dangerous, exposed, through a becoming ingenuoufness and generosity of soul, to the artful practices of men, wanting in every virtue of the mind, who are ever ready to ensnare all that are better than themselves, and turn their very excellencies to their ruin.

My dearest Emmera, you take great advantage of my assertion, that our happiness depends,

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depends, in a good measure, on having a competent income—but you should remember, that by a competency I mean enough to support a man in the manner he has been brought up—or in the manner his moderation may submit to—You see your father felt no unhappiness for want of money, while he was a day-labourer in England.

You can only state that question fairly, by comparing him a labourer in England to a recluse in this retirement. Was he as happy in the first as the last? Was he here open to the wretched misfortune of a legacy of law? Suppose a fit of illness, from whence was his subsistence to come—from whence his rent? Was he here the servant of a capricious, passionate, worthless man?—What a comparison!

Well, my dearest Emmera, I have one argument in reserve which will admit of no contradiction. I have in England a good estate—have been in *possession* some years—am well able to defend it, on your principle of the worthlessness of the world.

A most

A most speaking argument in the world, Mr. Chetwyn, but not to me. I never knew but two people, my father and you—One after a long life decided against the world—the other, a young man scarcely arrived at it, is of another opinion: Myself have experienced the retired life, and find it as agreeable as I can wish: Now, should I not be a weak creature indeed to give up my experience of what I know, in favour of what I know not—and listen to the experience to change a life with which I am satisfied, for one I know nothing of, on the recommendation of a young man, and contrary to the advice of my father, who experienced both?

My dearest Emmera, mistake me not—I am vindicating the world, not recommending it to you—I wish for nothing more than to live with you here in the tender ties—

I was just advancing to the favourite part of my scheme, when she rose up, and stopt my proceeding—You see what sense and power of argument I have to combat with;

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she foils me in every thing, till I am quite in astonishment at her understanding.

But I must not expect my friend can be prejudiced, like me, in favour of my mistress, and of course this letter is filled enough with her. And having no other subject in my mind, I have the honesty to suffer no other to flow from my pen. Adieu.

I remain, &c.

P. CHETWYN.

P. S. I have corresponded some time with Forrester, but have of late received such trifling, strange answers, that I have at present no great dependance on his friendship. Tell me if you have seen him.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. EDGERTON to Colonel FORRESTER.

HEAVEN at last smiles upon me, my friend—benignly smiles! and soon shall I be extricated from all the knaves and villains with whom I have been so damnably incumbered. Could I but give them one kick, and whirl them swift to hell, 'twould be a glorious stroke—Wife and all!—Fifteen hundred a year! Admirable sport!—The change in my circumstances will be capital—and you may congratulate me on the fact, for it is now past an uncertainty. All matters of law and settlements have succeeded to my wish, and I have proposed to the old fellow, that the marriage may be solemnized at his seat in Buckinghamshire, which he agreed to with great pleasure, as that will give him a glorious opportunity of making all his tenants and the whole village capitally drunk. The

journey is fixed. Miss a most easy, complying flame——

* * * *

Rickswell, Bucks.

We are arrived—a vile jangling of bells and drunken halloos at our coming. Before I left town, I had a meeting of a parcel of my principal creditors—they are the vilest vermin existing—gave in the amount of their demands, and swore positively they would not stay a week for their money after I was married:—I gave them plenty of assurances, and so took my leave.

Yesterday the old Don took me a three hours ride over some of my wife elect's farms—a tolerable country—but the farms in special order and repair, and a fine parcel of beech and oak, which will, with a little hewing and sawing, give a flow of cash that commands admirable enjoyments. “Fine trees!—Venerable groves!”——Ridiculous rubbish! Cash, women and wine! these are the pleasures of this world——Look on one
side

side at what such people call a glorious oak
—a noble beech—a prodigious elm—Turn
on the other, and see a purse full of gold—an
angelic girl—a bottle of delicious burgundy
——Where is the comparison?—Such detest-
able dulness is fit for nought but mechanics.

* * * *

My spirits are nobly exhilarated, and with
reason—This is a letter of snips and patches
—but I value you as a friend, and know you
interest yourself accordingly in what concerns
me—To-morrow is the day—Fifteen
hundred a year! Huzza!——

* * * *

Hell and confusion seize me! May all this
damnable globe of villainy and deceit perish
this hour—detestable, horrible hour!—But,
by all the Gods, I'll be reveng'd—curse'dly
reveng'd, if I perish in the attempt—Defeated
——blown up——ruin'd——flying from a
prison——in the jaws of knaves!——Con-
fusion seize her!——May the blackest per-
dition seize her!

* * * *

Newbury.

Here, I think, I am tolerably safe—I have rode like the devil to get clear from all knowledge—if one of a hundred knaves discovers me, I am in a prison for life. If I can command my spirits for a few minutes, I will give you some idea of the damn'd trick I have been served——But revenge, if I live, shall follow.

The morning of that day, which I expected would complete my scheme, and raise me to the pinnacle of my wishes, was ushered in with every demonstration of joy: In the forenoon some strangers accidentally arrived at the village inn, sent their compliments to Mr. Carter, and hearing that a wedding was that day to be celebrated, begg'd leave to be permitted to attend at church with the bride and bridegroom. I thought this a very strange message; but the old fellow, in the fulness of his heart, returned for answer, By all means, and desired their company at the hall to share in the festivity of the day.

When

When the coaches arrived at the church, I saw two gentlemen and two ladies coming from the inn, but the distance was too great to distinguish whether I knew them. Just before the ceremony was performed, they came up, and paid their compliments to us, when I was greatly surprized to find one of the ladies was Miss Hervey!—A sudden chillness of apprehension ran through my soul, I knew nothing of the rest.

The clergyman of the parish began the ceremony, but was almost immediately interrupted by that devil of a vixen —“ Hold, Sir—On lawful grounds, I forbid your proceeding in this sacred ceremony, so sacrilegiously abused.”—The parson stared—stop’d—and looking at me—

Pray, Madam, said I, what do you mean by this piece of insolence?

Mean, Sir? (smiling with a damnation sneer) I mean that you should not be in so great a hurry to marry a new wife, before you get rid of an old one.—

An old one!—What does the fool mean? Proceed, Doctor, in the ceremony: This is a young lady I have some knowledge of—— (*half whispering him*) a cast mistress!—Jealousy and envy—that's all—Proceed, Sir——

Pitiful meanness!—Your falsehoods will not avail you now—He has a wife living, Sir——

Very strange! said the parson.

Odds bobs, said the old fellow—another wife! Why how's this, Mr. Edgerton?

A mere tale—The girl's mad. My wife, you know, Mr. Carter, was dead before you knew me.

Why so I think——True——You said, as how——

As how—you fool—said the young devil —The matter is as how—that you are deceived—that Edgerton is a villain—that his wife is alive, and that I will open such a scene of villainy as will amaze you.

This ridiculous jargon of lies and falsity must surely convince ye all that the creature's
mad.

mad. Doctor, proceed—I will not be put off by such a piece of knavery.

Here is no proof brought, I must own, Sir.
—Mr. Carter, do you approve my going on?

Why, as long as you say there is no proof—and yet, Miss Hervey's a lady I knew at London—but as there's no proof—Why—why—e'en go on——

The parson obeyed—upon which minx put on a most assured look, and beckoning the lady with her to advance towards us—she turned to me——“Proceed, villain, at your peril”——The parson stopp'd again—She then went on——“You continue to assert you have not a wife already?”

I positively do.

Then to your confusion!——Saying these words with the voice of a fiend, she lifted her hand sideways, and giving a pull at the lady's back who stood by her, off flew her bonnet, and full before me stood—hell in her eyes, and vengeance in her soul—my wife!—I started backwards, as if I had seen
the

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the devil——Had all his imps with fiery daggers made passes at my heart, I could not have been more confounded——a pause of horror stopp'd for some time my speech——but recovering my astonishment, I recollected myself enough to say,

I am astonish'd—Petrified with amazement!—Why, thou strumpet, after my giving you your life—conniving at your theft—Is this the return?——

Wife.] Admirable!—given me my life! —Mark that——(to *Miss Hervey.*)

Miss H.] This lady then is no wife of your's?

None. She was once my——but I will not affront the company with too severe a truth. Mr. Carter, here is some villainous contrivance against me. In two words, the case is this—With shame I own having once a commerce—a criminal commerce, with this woman—A quarrel afterwards ensuing—she left my house in disgust, but not without carrying with her some valuable moveables, which

I missing, had a warrant to apprehend her—
She was soon in my power, but I was moved
by her tears and intercessions, and forgave
her at the hazard of being punished myself.
I afterwards heard she meditated and swore
revenge—but could not imagine any other
person would be seduced by her falsehoods,
to enter with her into such a scheme of
revenge as this.

Wife.] Amazing!—and have you the
assurance to assert this tale for truth?

Observe, I beg you, what an air of sur-
prise she assumes—How well she carries on
the plot—All she says, with all these fine airs,
are precisely what she must feign to gain
credit.

Carter.] Why that's very true—A sad
plot, indeed—but, you baggage, your kna-
very must come out.

Parson.] Mr. Carter, I cannot think of
going on with the ceremony, till this strange
affair is cleared up.

That

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That is very ridiculous—to delay it merely for a nonsensical tale of a cock and a bull—a mere falsity.

Wife.] No falsity, villain: but truth itself—Clear as a noon-day sun shall it break upon you, and shine to your confusion. Mr. Carter, be not so infatuated in this villain's favour—I am his wife. Delay the marriage at least—In tenderness to your niece I have betrayed him, otherwise the action he is about well deserves the halter the law awards.

Carter.] Odds bobs! we'll go no further in this same marriage: and yet 'tis pity to spoil sport so. Edgerton, you are a sad rascal, if this lady is your wife.

Mr. Carter, I know my innocence too well to fear a delay—The ceremony may be deferred—and I will convince you that this vile woman is an impostor.

We then moved homewards — my wife elect much in the dumps at the delay. I saw clear enough that I must soon be blown up, and therefore wanted nothing further than an
 oppor-

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opportunity to move off. Besides, I liked not the complexion of the two gentlemen that attended my two devils; I suspected them to be bailiffs, and half recollected one of their faces. Soon after we got home to the hall, I ordered one of the grooms to saddle and bridle my horse, and have him at the back gate immediately—The fellow obeyed with expedition; for I told him if he was not two minutes I would give him a guinea—in less than five minutes I was at the gate—but before I was mounted, up came the damn'd bailiffs, who ran at my bridle to stop me, but with a stout cane in my hand I struck one of them such a blow on the knuckles, that he let go his hold, and off I rode full speed, not doubting an immediate pursuit. I did not draw but the first five and twenty miles, which I rode in less than two hours. —I then struck across the country hither, and the moment a machine passes, which I expect every minute, shall set off for London, for I am so damnably reduced, that a chaise is above my pocket.——

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Guilford.

I did not stop one hour at London, well knowing the danger of being seen there; but the moment the coach arrived, walked a bye way as quick as possible to Westminster-bridge, which crossing, I took the Portsmouth road, designing to get up again on the first machine that passed me, which I accordingly did, and arrived here; where I propose taking breath a little—for I think I am sufficiently out of their knowledge and reach.

Am I not a confounded, unfortunate dog—To be kick'd down in this vile manner from the top of all my hopes!—Oh! if I have but an opportunity to grasp revenge—but I must away, or perdition waits me.

Adieu. Your's,

R. EDGERTON.

LETTER XX.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

MY scheme has taken effect: Edgerton is in gaol—He carried on his plan with full-wing'd villainy to the very altar; there his wife discovered herself—he denied her, and trumped up a lie, accusing her of theft, and having been a prostitute—but guilt sat in his countenance throned in astonishment—The ceremony was stopp'd, and soon after the rascal mounted his horse and rode off. Nothing could happen more unlucky—I had procured a bailiff, and one of his creditors, in disguise, to attend us, that his person might be secured—but they scarcely had missed him, before, on running out, he was seen riding off full speed. One Merrist, an attorney, soon discovered him to be at Portsmouth, where he arrested him for four hundred pounds, and he is at present in jeopardy. The fellow is so great a villain,

that

that he deserves all it is possible he can meet with——And, I think, he stands a very good chance of being confined for life; for I hear his creditors are very numerous, and dreadfully deceived, some of them almost to their ruin.——Mrs. Edgerton, to secure herself from his revenge in case unexpectedly he should escape, has sworn the peace against him: So I think we have concluded the affair gallantly and effectually to the destruction of our enemy.——I took the opportunity of my father's absence to execute the scheme——and my mother, with her usual easiness, made but few enquiries concerning my jaunt.

* * * *

My father and Mr. Sinclair are returned together; he has promised to spend a few days longer with us——which I am glad of, for I must think him a very agreeable man, and his company will make a variety not unentertaining: He is a violent favourite with my father, who appears to have the highest opinion

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opinion of his merit and understanding. Don't immediately out with your suspicions that I must be caught with a pretty fellow, because I am candid enough to own, I think him agreeable——It is impossible a woman should fall in love with a man that makes no advances——Affectation sometimes persuades them to believe so, but it is mere forwardness. I have too much pride to think one moment tenderly of a man that has not shown himself my humble slave—and it will not be the task of a moment, I can tell him, whoever he is, to prejudice me in his favour.

* * * *

I had thrown aside this paper a week, and a fit of thinking has again induced me to take up the pen. I have read my last paragraph—what an important one! Such are the materials of my letters! But I have told you often enough, that you must take the dull—the insipid—the stupid in me, or not

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have the well-whipt cream of my courtly liveliness.

This Mr. Sinclair is a very provoking fellow. He stays another week ; and is—— I don't know how—to me—would persuade me I have made a sure conquest of his heart—Does not tell me so, child——but I read it in his eyes——his manner——his——in short——But I won't gratify your curiosity——I'll stop here—that's poss.——I should run into a very lively strain, but here's poor Mrs. Edgerton sits by me in a doleful queue——and makes me melancholy with her leaden looks. She talks of going down into Devonshire again——She is shocked at the horrible situation of her husband, and yet dreads his escape, for she knows his revenge would immediately burst on her head. I laugh her out of her folly as much as I can——notwithstanding my being well assured the villain would attempt any thing to gratify his
4 revenge,

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revenge, and myself would be an object as well as his wife.——I begin, however, to suspect a little that her grief has more of affectation than reality in it——not from any inconsistency in her behaviour before me, but from accidentally coming upon her unforeseen at Mrs. Hay's assembly the other night——She was in high spirits in a corner, with two gentlemen by her of a fashionable appearance, laughing with great vivacity, and seemingly much to their entertainment. She did not at first observe my coming into the room; when she saw me, she was struck with a something of confusion, which showed she had rather the rencountre had not happened. And now it occurs to my attention that she is a wonderful good manager in money matters; for I know from her own mouth that her certainties do not exceed an hundred a year——and yet her present way of living bears more the appearance of five. Don't

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immediately tax me with scandalous suspicions——for Heaven knows, I would not wrong her in the slightest idea——but for the life of me, I can never behold the most trifling confusion and jealousy at being seen in any company, *without* suspicion. I value her company greatly; for a lively and most agreeable companion she is; and one I should be loth to lose.

Adieu, my dearest: I conclude this *scrap*, impatient for a *letter* in return from you.

C. HERVEY.

LETTER XXI.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

YOU see, my dearest Kitty, that I never wait for your letters before I write myself. Such punctilio never enters my thoughts—for the moment I have the slightest subject for six lines, they are immediately committed to paper.

I mentioned Mr. Francis coming to lodge in the same house with us, in my last—but I could not then give you my sentiments concerning him. As my father and him have been very intimate since, I can now speak a little further of what appears to me in his character. He is extremely agreeable and sensible, and has a remarkable good judgment.—Indeed the *prudence* conspicuous in his opinions, as they appear in conversation, is striking. My father says he has

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feldom met with a man of his years that was better acquainted with the world——or that had adopted more just ideas. When he pleases to be lively, he is entertaining enough.

You may easily suppose such an acquaintance makes this solitary place much more agreeable than it otherwise would be, especially as he is so fond of music. We play together frequently, and he compliments me much upon my execution—*Compliment* it is, I suppose. As soon as he understood my brother was absent in so strange a manner——he expressed great surprize at the length of his absence, and wondered we did not take some measures to know how the case really was : And turning to my father——
“ I wonder, Sir—you are not a little anxious about your son’s safety.”

Why, Mr. Francis, his sister hears from him now and then, and it is his constant
and

and positive desire, to have no other intercourse with any one.

That desire is remarkably strange, and looks very much like some constraint he may be under—I should a little question the reality of such a conduct.

My son's curiosity led him into America with design only to make a few excursions about the finest part of the country, and then return to England; he had no intention, like mine, of settling here, a plan which would have pleased me greatly: now this retirement of his, looks like a predilection in favour of the country, and gives me hope of his making it his residence. This induces me not to think of disturbing him.

But surely, Sir, you might manage by some means or other to discover, without his knowing it, what the real charm is, that so captivates him in his retirement—and also to be satisfied that his stay is truly free and voluntary,

luntary, with no deceit, forgery, or foul play.

“Mr. Francis,” said I, “my brother is most assuredly pleased with his situation—there can be no deceit—I know his handwriting too well to be deceived in that, and the circumstances and people he mentions in his letters are strong proofs of what I say. Besides, who in that desert, solitary country, could think it worth while to form such a complicated plot against him? I must own, in my opinion, it would not be treating him well, after such strict injunctions, to let any one go to him—he may have very good reasons for desiring the contrary.”

What you observe, Madam, is perfectly just—and if you could not gain the desired certainty without discovering your intention to him, I should entirely agree with you—but I am very confident the knowledge might be gained unknown to him.

I can-

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I cannot agree with you in that, Sir. My son's retirement is infinitely difficult to find—I might almost say impossible, for I'll answer for it his servant dares not, on any consideration, discover it.

I thought I once heard you, Madam, mention your brother's being attended with two or three Indians, besides his servant?

I question whether those Indians could be found—and if found, whether they would be guides to the place—and I much question, whether my son's present situation could be discovered without his perceiving it.

That must depend on the dexterity with which it was managed. Was he a relation of mine, I am sure I should never be easy until I certainly knew the truth. There is something so very unaccountable in the circumstances of the affair, that I cannot help having many suspicions.

My

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My father was not convinced with all Mr. Francis's reasons—I own I am a little of his opinion—he has since conversed two or three times with me about it, and expresses a great desire to know that my brother is safe. He is a very humane, good natured man, and speaks rationally on every thing. I must own, Kitty, that I have an exceeding good opinion of his judgment—which arises not a little from my approving his sentiments in general. He begins, I think, to take rather more than common notice of me—is seldom easy without we are at our music together, and seems to take great pleasure in my company. Don't accuse me of vanity, my dear, for you know I am not in general apt to fall into that vice—but really I like Mr. Francis's company much—not merely because he likes mine, but I take him to be a virtuous, well-meaning young man, without that insipidity of character which you say is always joined

to

to what the world thinks *good young men*. However, Mr. Francis is no very young man, but old enough to conduct himself on principle and experience.—You need not be surprized if in a letter or two I tell you—but not so quick.

* * * *

'Tis a week since I blotted any part of this paper—let me see what I left off with—Not so quick, did I say?—How little we know ourselves!—Oh! my Kitty, this Mr. Francis is the most amiable man in the world—He has been much with me of late, and takes great pains to influence my mind in his favour—He even ventured, Kitty, to kiss my hand—with fervency too—What am I to think of this? I wish my father knew it—but he has the greatest opinion of Mr. Francis in the world, and therefore can never blame me for following
his

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his example—I must own he is very agreeable to me—Here he comes—I must leave off.

* * * *

Another meeting!—and too much like the former—I wish in Heaven I had never seen his face. Is it not an amazing weakness to be so eager to rush into an agreeable friendship with a man so remarkably formed for promoting it—and then be all in a flurry and alarm at finding the wishes of one's heart accomplished? I have a thousand thoughts all rushing in my head at once, the very offspring of confusion. I know not what I would have; but I heartily wish I had been blessed with your lively spriteliness of temper; for I am now convinced, that it is on such grave, melancholic minds the passion takes the deepest root. How frank I am, Kitty! I cannot be otherwise to you—

* * * *

We

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We have had another conversation with Mr. Francis about my brother; he has convinced me completely, that it is very imprudent to let him alone to his fate in so wild a country, and my father is now of his opinion, and Mr. Francis has been so exceedingly obliging, as to offer to undertake the journey alone, and manage the whole affair; and he says he is confident he shall be able to discover whether my brother is safe or not, without himself being perceived. My father thinks himself much indebted to Mr. Francis for this very kind offer, and next week he sets out.

* * * *

I can conceal nothing from you, my Kitty—and feel infinitely heavy the misfortune of not being blessed with your company—I want your advice more a thousand times than I can express. Mr. Francis has declared an eternal love to me—and I have
5
been

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been weak enough—I must own it—to make a full return to his passion—He talks to me of nothing but marriage—says he shall take the first opportunity of laying his affairs before my father, and asking his consent—I can delay no longer the satisfaction of hearing from you—and as sending this letter may hasten the return of one, I conclude myself, &c.

L. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. SINCLAIR to Sir P. CHETWYN.

NOTHING could give me more pleasure than my friend's letter : I find him therein the same worthy fellow I valued so much when personally acquainted. Your adventure is indeed very singular, and much surprized me ; but positively, Chetwyn, you *must* persuade her to leave her dearly beloved woods, and bring her to England—be married immediately, and by settling on your estate, convince her that there is such a thing as permanent possessions in England. But she is more than a match for you in argument—at least you are fascinated when you oppose her sentiments, and are diffident of contradicting the ideas of your divinity—a divinity she must be—a curiosity uncommon and truly wonderful—or lastly, you are of
her

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her opinion, and prefer your retirement to your native country, wanting her to leave it only that you may call her your's. I see plainly this is the case with you—your living with the object of your affection has endear'd every object around to you—you are in love with the place—with the rural occupations—and with the simplicity of your life in general:—this blinds your reason, and you forget the purpose which Providence designed you should fulfil, by placing you in the midst of society: Here lies the strength of the argument—*General benevolence!* my friend.

I shall expect soon to hear you declaim in the language of a very hermit—you approach nearly to it already.—Your sentiments, methinks, are poetical—prithce pen me a stanza or two on the philosophy of quitting London and all its joys for your retirement—with a stroke or two at the beauty of your mistress. When I was at Eton, I could have toss'd off
a dozen

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a dozen in two hours—But blank verse will
suit it best—let me see—I will begin the
business for you.

Farewell the busy scenes of noisy life !
The slipp'ry paths of ambitious greatness.

How poetical that is ! but you know, there
should be climax in all things.

The trifling vain rewards of wanton folly,
Those charms which wretched London can pro-
duce

To please the pamper'd mind. Remov'd from that
Dread whirlpool of contagious wretchedness ;
Let me now taste indulgent Nature's charms
(Kind parent of each heart-felt joy !) scatter'd
With smiling plenty o'er a land, blooming
With pictur'd features——

Pictur'd features ! a stroke that, elegant
enough !

——From scenes of artless

Industry, where the goddess Nature reigns
Amidst her rural elegance, let my

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Numbers flow, expressive of a fond heart
Breathing the melody of silent love.

Not amiss, I think, for your love is silent enough. Now for an address to your Emmera—It must be wound up to a fine enchantment of beauty.

Oh! fairest of the fair! Can the glowing pen
Of ardent love dwell coldly on those charms,
Whose potent magic most bewitching rears
Th' enchanting fabric of delusive passion?
No: My impassion'd soul would catch at Heav'n
For sounds that breath'd the tender eloquence,
Which melting, warbles from the tongue of love,
Such words as stealing music's soft powers,
Might give description harmony divine.

These distant glances at a metaphor highly necessary—something of music and painting should always come in—Poetry is nothing without it—*Ut pictura poesis erit*, you know.—That scrap, however, should have made a note with a handsome * star—or § pothook before it.

And,

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And, like the vivid colours of a Titian,
Strike the awaken'd senses with beaming
Brightness, living in each line——

And then you must——but hold, if I get
into the poetic vein, I may rumble you over
as much blank verse as would form a *Job*,
or *King Arthur*.

But joking and poetry apart—I think you
should not let so unusual an accident escape
without turning it to lasting advantage: If
you find that the same elegant retirement,
which you now enjoy, is necessary to your
future happiness—by all means persuade your
Emmera, at least to take one journey to your
father's—have a parson ready—be married—
and return to your hermitage immediately
for life. You have a noble income, which
will enable you to add a multitude of enjoy-
ments to your retirement; and if by degrees
your fair one is reconciled a little to man-
kind, why you may begin with having a

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friend with you, and from that proceed to the world itself, if you should then have such a desire: This would be my plan. As to the point of making Emmera your wife, I agree with you entirely in it——By your description she is an immense treasure——such an one as you can never have an idea of meeting with again: I cannot but consider her as a most uncommon curiosity, which demands all the attention the warmest love can give.

I am free in giving you advice, while I am in equal want of it myself: Be as friendly to me as I have been ineffectually so to you. I am become acquainted with a Miss Hervey, a friend of your sister's. I was at first quite charmed with her agreeable liveliness, and having been much in her company since, am grown most horribly in love with her. Her father has taken somewhat more than common notice of me——but I fear he will not think

me

me grateful in the return I make to his civility and good opinion, if I attempt to secure his daughter's affections unknown to him. But here does not lie the difficulty—for you must know, that I am deeply engaged in another affair, which lately gave me infinite and unbounded happiness, but now wrings my heart with torture.

I believe it was after I parted with you in Italy, that accident threw me into the company of Signora Henrietta Mancini. The conversations I engaged in with her, convinced me that she had a mind of no common stamp; her accomplishments were numerous and completely elegant—her wit lively, but solid, her judgment penetrating and exact. I admired the amiableness of her disposition no less than I contemplated with admiration the extreme beauty of her person. I scarce perceived a fault in her, till I found the religion of her country was one standing object

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of her ridicule and scorn, whenever she could safely give vent to her sarcasms. I thought it a most remarkable trait in her character, and made me almost disbelieve her being an Italian. Frequent meetings brought on a mutual inclination, which soon became on my side a violent passion, and I had no reason to believe a cold return on hers. I loved her to excess—beyond all bounds of moderation; and the warmth of her heart, meeting with ardor in mine, we trespass'd the bounds of virtue, and our love from that moment was no longer innocent.

Possession, however, did not lower the affection which this extraordinary woman had raised in my soul. She had too many charms of mind, as well as body—too many resources of enchanting elegance to suffer my love to grow languid after such an indulgence of our desires. I continued to doat on her to distraction, and offered a thousand times to
make

make her mine for ever—but she absolutely refused all ties but those of the heart—saying the life of honour was the only one founded in reason; nor could she bear the idea of being so unchangeably connected with a man, when his affection no longer continued. She ridiculed matrimony, and every principle on which it is founded, with a severity of satire that showed an abhorrence. From that time, the connection between us grew extremely intimate; we lived constantly together, and she accompanied me the remainder of my travels. I reaped no small benefit from her conversation, and the remarks she made on a variety of objects she beheld, and the manners of all the people through whose countries we travelled.

On my arrival in England, I hired a handsome lodging for her in London, and continued to live with her in the most pleasing intimacy: but it is not long since I have ob-

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served, that she dislikes the country and people in general, and that some disgusts of, I know not what, had entered her mind; but what affected me much more, was a haughtiness of temper which began to appear, and which sometimes broke out even to me. However, all this scarcely affected my passion, and I continued to love her with great warmth of affection.

Accident threw me into the company of Miss Hervey: I was acquainted with her father, and by that means, without any design, was on a visit at his house: I was insensibly led to observe the daughter, and could not but admire an extreme sprightliness most agreeably mixed with good sense, and an amiable temper: I presently felt a something like love, and succeeding meetings completed the conquest of my heart.

Such is the present state of my mind: a miserable one enough—Give me your advice,
my

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my friend, for never did I stand so much in need of it: a million of tormenting reproaches sting me to the heart. I hate and detest myself—I have the meanest opinion of my resolution and honour that is possible. I regret the weak and dishonourable inconstancy of ceasing to love a woman of unusual merit, and whose heart I have long possessed, on being caught like a child by a new face: I feel the meanness of this conduct in its fullest extent, but have not the courage to pluck it from my soul: However inconstant—however fickle may be the mind of an irresolute man, yet the passion of the day is the tyrant of his soul, and while the fit lasts, he feels the same as violently as him whose soul rejects every attack but one. This is a truth I experience myself. I did not believe I had a grain of inconstancy about me, and miserable I am to find, that I have the same weakness which I should have

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have ridiculed in others, with all the severity I was master of. For Heaven's sake, write me a line of consolation; and yet what an age it must be before I can receive it!

Adieu, my friend: I am, &c.

H. SINCLAIR.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir PHILIP CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

HEAVENS and earth! my friend,
 what will become of me!—Doom'd,
 body and soul, to perdition!—I feel all the
 horrors of the rack tearing every nerve, and
 torturing my soul! My Emmera! my lovely
 Emmera! my charming, amiable pattern of
 more than human excellence—Good Heaven!
 —My soul! Never can I survive the loss.
 Oh! Sinclair! Pity the wretchedest mortal
 that ever breath'd the air of misery. I can-
 not survive it—No—I must die with
 anguish—Shine not, bright sun!—The
 world is darkness all to me!—

* * * *

I am just dead with wretchedness. Oh!
 Sinclair! I have lost her—Perdition seize
 the villain—I can scarce bear the writing
 this horrible stroke.

Yester-

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Yesterday morning, when I had brought up the cows for my charming Emméra to milk, I left her for scarce a quarter of an hour, to go to the barn on some trifling business: when I returned, I missed her—a little surprized at not seeing her, I walked to the house. No Emméra—Shocked at this, I called her several times: no answer. Her business just at milking-time was so regular, that in two minutes I was convinced some dreadful accident had happened—I ran about wild with fury—I posted immediately towards the hill, over which I had at first entered this retirement—As I went, I cast a piercing look around, calling all the way, but no signs of my Emméra. I scaled the hill in an instant, and descending on the other side, quickly penetrated the thickets; and mounting a little eminence, which gave me a view of the adjacent valley—Death and distraction! what was the anguish of my soul,

on

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on seeing three horsemen scouring off at no great distance from me, my dearest charmer visibly held by force before one of the villains. Gods! what fury, horror and despair seized my very vitals!—I ran with unbounded rage after the hell-hounds—but in a few minutes they were out of sight, and convinced me a pursuit was vain: A dark cloud of terror overspread my soul—I thought the hand of death had seized me—the world disappeared—a tremor shook my whole frame—I sunk upon the earth—a fit, I suppose, ensued, for I felt strangely on recovering my legs.—As soon as I had the power of thought, I began to consider what course to take: I determined to make a signal to my neighbours, the Indians, in hopes that some among them would speedily come to my relief. I did it immediately—For four hours I was the prey of every cruel and terrible idea the human mind is capable of receiving—
then,

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then, for the first moment, did I feel to what excess of passion I loved my dear—lost Emmera! Just Heaven! what anguish of soul, to be hurl'd at once from a state of happiness and pleasure down to bottomless perdition! to tenfold wretchedness and black despair!

In the midst of a miserable reverie of sorrow, I cast an accidental eye on some white upon the trunk of a tree; I walked to it, and perceived it to be a letter stuck on, directed to me. I opened it with eager hands—the following is a copy.

“ Despicable Fellow!

“ You wronged me with your sister, while you pretended friendship. I swore revenge, and now I have it. Know; that the man lives not in peace that injures me—nor shall that minx, who had the impudence to refuse me, have reason to rejoice. 'Tis I that strike this dagger to your soul. Revenge! Revenge! Your's with contempt,

FORRESTER.”

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Revenge!—Yes; Revenge shall also be mine, thou vile serpent of hell. From that moment I vowed it—and to fly through every clime, rather than let the villain meet with death but at my hand. I was wound up to such a pitch of fury at his cursed plot, that had he been in my power, I believe I could have seen him rack'd with pleasure. But the idea of revenge gave some little respite to that tide of wretchedness which flowed so fast upon my soul.

In about four hours came five Indians:—one of them had a little English: I made him understand my loss—there needed no prayers or intreaties; the worthy creatures felt my sorrow deeply, which, joined to their own affection for my Emmera, made them eager for the pursuit. I showed them the track taken by my enemy, and told them when he fled. They returned home for arms, and to take a shorter cut across the country, assuring

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saring me, that I need not fear their rescuing their Queen, so they called my dear, lost angel.—Their assurances gave me a little glimmering of hope—for these people are so amazingly expeditious—so wonderfully sagacious, and so indefatigably persevering, that I think there is some chance of their overtaking the villain. Heaven grant they may do it before any violence——Oh! accursed thought!—Oh! wretched Chetwyn—Impossible—it cannot be. I long'd ardently to accompany my dear friends, the Indians, but could not; I should have been left behind in an hour's time. Could I but meet the dog point to point—'tis all I wish—'tis all I hope for!

* * * *

Six hours have they been gone, and not returned; I fear not their heartiness in my cause, but doubt much whether it is possible they should overtake them. Oh! Sinclair!

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This villain Forrester, this treacherous, smiling villain! who could have suspected such base, ungrounded revenge! I had an opinion of his sincerity, and engaged in a friendship with him—but did not think him a man any ways qualified for making a good husband to a virtuous woman—he offered to my sister, and I was against the match; but merely gave her my opinion; however, it was the same as her own, and his suit was genteelly rejected: I had no conception that he should not continue my friend, notwithstanding this—but it is plain his ideas were far different, and a mean, cowardly revenge he has taken.

* * * *

One of the Indians returned, brings the heavenly news of my Emmera's being rescued. —Thanks to the Gods! Oh! Sinclair, share my joy—It is unbounded! Vast and capacious happiness! My soul dilates with

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thrilling

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thrilling extacy! The villain escaped—that's a bad stroke, but his two instruments of revenge breath'd their last under the hands of my faithful Indians——Oh! had I but a kingdom to bestow! all should they enjoy. My heavenly charmer is at an Indian house in her way home, greatly fatigued with the horrid attack; but she will come home as soon as possible; however, I am this moment setting out to meet her.

* * * *

Oh! my friend! never was there such a meeting! The moment I cast my eyes on the lovely Emmera, I ran and clasped her with eagerness in my arms—I scarce fetch'd my breath for extacy of joy——“ Oh! my Emmera! my Emmera!——Do I see thee again!”—The lovely, amiable innocent was herself affected with sentiments, which dropt like the balm of heaven to my soul—Her eyes spoke the language of tenderness—She was
silent

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silent for some minutes—I saw a tear of gladness steal down her cheek; I kissed it away—I press'd her hand to my lips——
“Never! never will we part again!”—

“This is a happy meeting, Mr. Chetwyn, we will part no more.”——She said this with a sweet, melting tenderness, that lifted my very soul to Heaven. I clasp'd her again in my arms, and could have died there with pleasure. Seeing me thus ardent in my joy, she propos'd our going home, which I acquiesced in: The scene was agreeable as can be conceived, several Indians were around us, who eyed us with the most unfeigned satisfaction—and poured a thousand benedictions on our heads—wishing us eternal happiness—and swearing ever to defend us. I purposely carried with me several presents, which I distributed unsparingly among them, commanding them, in case of any want which I could assist them in removing, to apply to

me without reserve. We parted perfectly good friends—we full of sentiments of gratitude, and they of admiration at our affection for each other.—When we got to our retirement,

Oh! my Emmera! what an accident it was!

Heaven be praised, my friend, that I escaped so well. Great God! what might I have suffered!

Speak not of it—my soul is on the rack at the very idea! Did it not hurt you, my Emmera, independent of your danger, to be parted at once from me—from the companion of——

You know, Mr. Chetwyn, (*blushing*) I value your company too much not to have regretted its loss.

Oh! my amiable Emmera, did you but know what horrible terrors of all that's dreadful came full upon my soul, when I saw you
carried

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carried from me with such violence—Good God! what did I feel! But tell me, my dearest, in what manner was you carried off?

Your back was scarce turned before I saw three men approaching swiftly towards me; I was a good deal alarmed at the sight, and before I could think of running away, one of them, the master of the rest, seized me rudely by the arm—and pulling me after him—“You must follow me.”—I was so astonished, that for some time I had not the power of speech. But when I had recovered my surprize, I said, “For Heaven’s sake, man, what is the meaning of this violence?” and being irritated at it, withdrew my arm in a passion. He looked at me with the eye of villainy and contempt—and one of his attendants took hold of my other arm, and thus they hurried me away, and over the cliff; horses were there ready—one of

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the villains then tied my hands behind me in a brutal manner, and taking me before him on horseback, as he would have done a sack of corn, galloped off, to my great pain of body as well as mind—then it was that I saw you on the hill—Good God! what was the anguish of my soul! Oh! Mr. Chetwyn, never more will we be parted so—

My heavenly angel! that word speaks blessings to my soul! Oh! Emmera, my life's best hope, my only joy!—continue to have these sentiments, and I shall be happy indeed.

But, Mr. Chetwyn, does not this adventure shew you what your world is? What a wretch must this fellow be to form such a design, and on what account I cannot conceive—

But, my Emmera, in what manner did our worthy Indians release you?

My

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My persecutors mistook their way, I suppose, for they got among some impenetrable thickets, where the Indians overtook us— The leader of the gang, the moment he perceived he was pursued, galloped off full speed to a distant opening between two woods; the two fellows would have done the same, but not being so well mounted, one of them threw me down, and they were overtaken; they drew each a pistol, which they fired at the Indians, but did not hurt them, who returned their fire by rushing in and cutting them both in pieces with their broad-swords. I believe I forgot to tell you, that one of them was the man that attended you when first I saw you.

Heaven reward the good Indians for this piece of humanity. That villain, who escaped their punishment, was once a friend of mine—here is a letter I found against a

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tree from him, after you was gone. He discovered that I was against his design, and, you see, vowed revenge—and the means he used was to bribe that servant of mine.

Indeed, Mr. Chetwyn, was I to become acquainted with the world, man by man, in almost any manner, I should have reiterated reasons to detest it——Do you not think that this adventure adds new strength to my former opinions?

I am not surprized at your thinking so, my dearest.

It would be very strange if you was. But now I doubt we may have reason daily to fear some such attempts as these, for all your old enemies in England may come hither to be revenged on you. What a sad thing it is, Mr. Chetwyn, that I cannot become the least acquainted with a man of the world like you, but I must immediately be open to a thousand insults!

Fear

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Fear them no more, my loveliest Emmera—the only villainous servant that knows the way to this retreat, is dead ; and as to Forrester, he will never more venture so near his destruction—Such wretches are ever of cowardly souls—he will not be long in America, I'll answer for it. But tell me, my Emmera, have you suffered no violence from the villains ? Did not the arch wretch insult you in any manner ?

My fears, and the bruises I received in being so pinioned on horseback was all the mischief I received, thank Heaven ! Your false friend was in such a violent hurry, that he scarce open'd his lips to me.

Never, my dearest Emmera ! never more will we be parted. Just Heaven, what has been my agony of soul, at losing in one cruel moment the most precious jewel that ever fell to the lot of man ! No, my fair queen of all that's amiable, you shall not
again

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again be torn from me in that manner ; there is no fear of a second attack—but nevertheless, I shall be more cautious of leaving you for the future ; and as there is only one entrance to this sweet valley, I will to-morrow view it narrowly, and contrive to render it impassable to any but ourselves——

And ourselves too, Mr. Chetwyn. Why not ?

My dearest Emmera, you know my sentiments of that. I have often said that I would never persuade you to a conduct that continued contrary to your inclinations—and I shall ever assert, that this elegant retirement is infinitely pleasing to me—Never shall I wish for any company but your's—never sigh for any other mortal—Oh ! my Emmera, such is the unbounded love with which I adore, that in you I behold all that is or ever can be dear to me. Why will you not——

A truce,

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A truce, my friend ! No further on pain of my displeasure——Come ; let us forget the accident that occasioned this conversation.—

Such are the over-cautious evasions of this sweet creature, too amiable for my repose in my present situation. My sister, I dare say, will contrive some means of receiving my letters without endangering me to a second attack ; I shall therefore lodge them as usual, and let me hear from you as soon as you can ; and if Forrester returns to England, give me as early intelligence of it as you can procure. Adieu, my friend. I remain, &c.

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXIV.

Miss CHETWYN to Miss HERVEY.

SO my friend is caught as well as myself. —Pray Heaven she may meet with less mischief than I have done. Oh! Kitty, what a wound has my very soul received! Alas! that I could be so complete a fool!

This Mr. Francis!—I wrote you, that he was going to see if he could make any discovery of the real situation of my brother. He did, and soon returned: He came immediately into the parlour to me.—Somewhat surprized at his expedition—I was beginning to question him—but he said,

Don't be in a hurry, my Lucy—I left you at a time when my heart sunk within me at the idea of being parted a moment from you. Tell me, my dearest, is your heart—your
valuable

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valuable heart, the same as when I left you? Oh! my Lucy, did you but know with what excess of love——

Fie, Mr. Francis, wave this for the present —You cannot think my heart should change in so short a time——

Is it still mine then, my love? Do you love me as well as you did?—tell me—

How silly this is! Do not be so——

I shall be miserable if you do not satisfy me—Tell me—may I be assured of your consent speedily to make you mine. I am on the rack till you satisfy me.

You know what I have often told you. Ask no more now.

Be not so cruel, my Lucy——speak the word to give ease to my mind. Will you have me?

I satisfied him, with some little hesitation.
—Oh! Kitty! I own all my weakness to
you

you—He immediately changed his accent, and, throwing great contempt into his countenance,

You will ! Pretty, forward Miss—You will have me ! Now my triumph is complete !

Saying this, he pulled off his wig, and slipping off, I suppose at the same time, a part of his visible face, he changed almost at once to Colonel Forrester. I was struck dumb with astonishment—Just Heaven ! what terror darted to my soul ! Such a deception was what I could have no idea of. The pretended Mr. Francis's features were the very reverse of that wretch Forrester's—a black wig, and large black eye-brows, &c. formed the difference—What a horrible difference. The fiend that now stood before me, straining every feature into derision and contempt ;

You consent to be married to me, my dearest, do you not ?—I cannot think your
 4 heart

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heart should change so soon !—I hold you in all the contempt of which my soul is capable. —Thou poor, insignificant, despicable trull —who catches with open arms the first fool that offers—Marry you !—An insignificant fellow must he be in good truth !—But I will publish this anecdote in every town in England——’Twill sound most pleasing to the hatred I bear you, and all your contemptible family—I’ll publish it——

You will !—(*cried my father, bursting into the room in a violent passion. Forrester had raised his voice so as to be heard by him ; he listened at the door a minute with astonishment.*)—You will publish it, villain !—You may publish at the same time then the treatment you receive from me.——Here, John !——Will ! ——Harry !

The servants entered almost immediately.

Seize that rascal ! Bring him to the horse-pond this minute.

The

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The fellows hesitating ; Obey me this instant !—He is a vile impostor——Bring him away.

The fellows flew at him at once, and in spite of all his struggling, master'd him, and lugging him out—followed my father to a most beastly hole, which scarce deserv'd the name of a pond, the common sewer of the house.

“ In with him !” cried my father : “ Give him a hearty tofs.”

Three labourers came to the servants assistance, and all together gave him a most glorious swing, and tofs'd him in as they would have done a kitten—notwithstanding all his threats—oaths, curses and intreaties.—Oh ! what pleasure did I take in seeing the villain scamper in the air—till souce he went.—The moment he got on shore, “ In with him again !” said my father. He was obeyed at once—Away he flew, to the tune of a
loud

loud halloo raised by all present. The duck-
ing was repeated a third time—more severely
still—the fellows had got fresh skill at the
toss, and seemed to relish the sport—The
wretch could not keep his legs for some time
when he gained the ground—he was most
nobly paid off—infomuch that I question
whether he will take another trip to America
on such an errand. He was so bestuffed
with filth and mire, that I fancy he had lost
all power of utterance; he stagger'd to his
horse, which hung at the gate, and walked
him away, nor have we heard any thing
more of him.

I must confess, I enjoyed the chastisement
infinitely: The brute had treated me with
such insolence and contempt, and his vile
scheme of deceit had so irritated me, that
I could almost have seen him cut piece-
meal with pleasure.

When the bustle was over, my father questioned me with great good nature about the connection I had formed with the pretended Mr. Francis. I owned every thing to him without reserve, and told him, that the villain had fixed on a day for desiring his consent, and laying a state of his fortune before him. He heard me with a tenderness, of which I shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance.

Make yourself no longer uneasy about it, my Lucy—He is a deceitful rascal, and imposed upon me as well as you; I am very sorry he should happen to make any impression on your heart, as it may be a cause of uneasiness to you, but I hope not. Despise the trick, my child—I have punished it as it deserves, and depend upon it, his tongue is tied—he is a cowardly fellow, and dare not insult your character:—Be not afraid of it.

This

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This kindness of my father is the greatest consolation to me in the world; and is the strongest proof of the goodness and benevolence of his heart—What a valuable father! —He laughs now and then at the deceit and ingenuity of the dog in playing the impostor so well upon him, and assuming sentiments of retirement, merely to get his good opinion.

But now, Kitty, do you not expect an immediate declaration, that the absurdity of my passion appearing at once to me in such strong colours, must have broke at one touch the enchantment of the whole? Would to Heaven that was the case: but, my Kitty, I am the weakest of all human creatures—Strong and self-evident as the ridicule of my passion appears, I am fool enough to let it affect me strangely—This I know must appear as the height of folly to another person—and it certainly is so. I attempt to laugh

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at my own simplicity—but all is in vain, I am still in love with an idea, which once had an original, but now has none. I deserve your pity as well as your contempt. For Heaven's sake do not, by any delay, add to the cruel distance between us, but let me hear from you as soon as possible. Adieu.

L. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. SINCLAIR to Sir P. CHETWYN.

Calais.

I HOPE, my dear friend, that long before you receive this, I shall have had a line or two from you, in answer to my last—But I never wait for regular answers, and the less at present, as I have some time deferred writing, being fully determined not to set pen to paper until I could give you a good account of that villain Forrester; for he landed in the west of England, as I was informed, a month ago. Whether he had any design to continue incog. I know not: but I found some difficulty in ferretting him out. As soon as I learned for certain where he was (*at Salisbury*) I took a post-chaise for that city, and the moment I arrived, sent my servant to him with the following letter;

H 3

charging

charging him not to return without a written answer.

“ Sir,

“ That friendship which you so *basely pretended* for Sir Philip Chetwyn, *really exists* in my bosom. *Your deceit* prompted you to form a mean, dirty scheme of revenge for an old imaginary injury ; the success of which is well known to yourself. *My sincerity* induces me to endeavour at that just chastisement, which my friend, I am well assured, would inflict on any one out of my reach, who treated me as you have done him. As little of *The Gentleman* as you have shown in that vile affair, I shall treat you like one in this—Name your weapon, and place of combat ; I only desire the time may not be longer deferred than to-morrow morning early. Your’s,

H. SINCLAIR.”

His answer was as follows :

“ Sir,

" Sir,

" The man who speaks to me in the stile of a gentleman shall ever receive a gentleman's answer. 'Twas the wish of my heart to measure swords with Sir Philip himself; but as you are *so friendly* as to substitute yourself in his place, I esteem it the same thing. I enter into no altercation of the affair that is past. Let the combat decide all. What weapon but that of a gentleman! —the small sword, Sir. The first field on the right hand side of *Joseph's Green* contains a chalk-pit proper for our intent. I have described it to your man. As you mention to-morrow morning, will five o'clock be agreeable? Your's,

C. FORRESTER."

I returned this billet :

" Sir,

" The weapon, place and time will be very agreeable to me. I will be punct-

H 4

tual;

tual ; and shall be attended only by my
servant. Your's,

H. SINCLAIR."

I was at the chalk-pit pretty exactly to the time, and my antagonist came into it a few minutes after me. We immediately stripped to our shirts, and drawing—each threw himself into a posture of defence, which was, however, soon changed by my adversary, for he made a most gallant pass at my heart, as if to try his man ; I parry'd it, and dropping my point in a feint, flew at him in a desperate lunge, from which he did not escape without a slight contusion, which I observ'd by the heat of his countenance ; and rather losing that coolness of blood so necessary in these affairs, he rather push'd me violently than with great skill, but I found him, notwithstanding that, an excellent swordsman. It was with the utmost difficulty I escaped being run through in the last of three passes which he made

at

at me with astonishing swiftness; I had not agility enough to escape it entirely, for my breast was slightly graz'd—I flung myself into a defensive posture immediately, to avoid being flurry'd at that stroke, as I well knew if I then suffered my mind to be heated, victory would infallibly declare for my adversary—I received another pass, which I turn'd aside, and with all the quickness I was master of, thrust at him immediately:—he was on his guard in a moment; but I chang'd the point of attack, and turning his sword, ran him into the side—he stagger'd at the thrust—"Zounds!" cried I, "you're dead."—"No, damme, I'll live to pierce your boy's heart"—and clapping his hand to the wound, he attack'd me desperately, being inflamed with passion—All coolness was now at an end with him, he fought with more fury than skill, and receiving another wound in his sword-arm, he was enraged to
a great

a great degree. I warn'd him of his heat—swore he was a dead man—and call'd to him to ask his life and your pardon——“No, by G—d!” was his answer; and rushing at me, made repeated passes, which I parry'd—and believe I could have continued on the defensive; but to play with a desperate man was too dangerous—he made one thrust which warn'd me not to wait for such another: I attack'd him in my turn, and at the third pass ran him through the body. He dropt his arm, lean'd upon his sword, and was just falling when his footman ran up, and catching him in his arms, dropp'd him gently to the ground—He would have drawn my sword, but I commanded him to desist, well knowing that such an action must be his immediate execution——“For Heaven's sake, Forrester, seize this last moment for a short prayer to God!”——His answer to me

was

was this reprobate one—"No, damme, Sinclair, I've liv'd like a soldier, and I will not die like a whining woman. No prayers for me!"—His voice forsook him, and he expired almost directly. Heaven have mercy on his guilty soul!

I gave his servant directions for the care of his master's body, and repairing to the inn, set off post for London. I waited on my friends, told them the case—settled a few affairs, and stept into a post-chaise for Dover—embarked for this town, and landed safely. I am in hopes of not being obliged to stay from home long, for my Lord C. assured me, he should find no difficulty in waving a prosecution, if my father would open his purse, which I know he will readily do—and gain me a pardon.

Do not, on your friendship, return one thank or compliment on this affair: I should
not

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not have an opinion of *your* friendship, if
you would not do as much in such circum-
stances for me. Adieu.

Your's, &c.

H SINCLAIR.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir PHILIP CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

I Received your letter of love and deplorable doubt, my friend, and indeed you must allow me to laugh at your situation a little—Between two fine women, both demanding the utmost attention and the sole possession of your heart. You are a very lucky fellow to be able to toss your handkerchief to the favourite among such women—but advice is what you want—I must therefore stop my pen in that path.

How is it possible I should, at this distance, give you advice on such an affair! The circumstances of the day must be your guide. The Italian lady, I can easily conceive, is no common woman; and as she has thrown herself with such unusual reliance on your honour, it would be a base action not to act towards

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towards her with the strictest decorum. But such a resolution cannot prevent your loving another woman better; nor is such a new passion an impeachment of your honour.—When she discovers the loss of your heart, you ought frankly to own the truth—tell her your affections are possessed by another, but that it is your earnest wish to part on terms of friendship—and as to any gratification in future, provided she would accept it, that is entirely in your own breast. Do not suppose I am giving you advice; I mean only to tell you what I should do in the same case.

If you have any remains of tenderness for her, I must pity your situation greatly, and I see you feel much at the idea of your inconstancy—I do not wonder at this, and time, which will throw you deeper into your new passion, must be your cure.

* * * *

Our

THE FAIR AMERICAN. III

Our correspondence, at present, is somewhat in the stile of love-sick swains: I answer the complaint of your passion, and immediately slide into my own.

My dearest Emmera, since that daring attempt on her liberty, has, I think, listened with rather more attention than before to the subject of my passion. Whether the fear of such another affair has any influence on her mind—or whether she begins to be moved with sympathy at the ardent affection that has so long warm'd my bosom—I know not; but she certainly is not so speedy at stopping our conversations, when they tend that way, as she used to be.

As we were lately at the hermitage, enjoying the deliciousness of the place, and a little elegant repast, which, by contrast to our common ones, appeared infinitely charming—while our mutual pleasure and liveliness

had tun'd our souls to tender ideas, my Em-
mera said to me,

Own to me now, Sir Philip, that your
friend, the World, could never confer a re-
tirement so sweetly elegant as this—so se-
quester'd—so undisturb'd—so——

Not so quick, my fairest. I should be
very ungrateful indeed if I was not to
confess, that all my present happiness—all
the true ideas I have of retirement, are owing
to you and this place. Had I not been here,
I never should have had any just notions
of what charms a solitary life is capable :
Exquisite and delightful has my retirement
been—but, my dear Emmera, the pleasure
has been owing first to you——with you I
could be happy to excess in any spot upon
earth—but most so in a retirement with you
in England——

My

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My dear friend, that is a contradiction in terms—A retirement in England is impossible—We have debated that point often enough surely—You never gave me one reason sufficient to change my opinion.

My dear Emmera, you would never give ear to all my reasons. But what would you say to me, if I was to persuade you to take a voyage to England with all possible privacy, and as soon as we landed, drive in a close chaise to my country-seat, which is as private and retired as this very spot—There, my Emmera, we might reside without ever being known, seen, or visited by any one, if such was your pleasure. My estate is extensive, and very woody; there are an hundred spots about it, which we might turn into hermitages, sequester'd arbours, grotts, &c.—I cannot boast of such beautiful scenes as this, but my Emmera's taste will new mold the place, and render it charming—After some

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little residence, if you regretted this pleasing retirement, I pawn my honour to you, that I will immediately return, and spend with you here the remainder of my days. Wherever you are, my fairest, there must I be while I have existence.

A very fine scheme, indeed! And why cannot we enjoy all the pleasures of retirement here, as well as in England?—where, I am sure, we can never be so compleatly retired—but if we were, that is a proof we should change merely for the sake of changing—which is but a silly scheme, Sir Philip.

The desire of happiness, which in other words, is pleasure, while innocently pursued, is rational and commendable; and you may safely allow, my Emmera, that there are a thousand objects worthy of attention to be met with in a perfectly civilized country, that yield a fine lesson of morality to the heart of man,

at

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at the same time that they confer no slight pleasure to the imagination.

Lessons of morality to the heart of man !
—That is as much as to say, we should rush into temptation, and run the chance of all worldly wickedness, because the same world furnishes lessons—Catch the disease, that we may show our skill in curing it ! My heart, Sir Philip, in my present situation, tells me it wants no lessons of morality from a vicious world—I have heard my father say—that ignorance is no bad security of innocence.

Heavens ! my dearest, my conscience ought to keep me from carrying you into the world. Such beauty and such an understanding—such penetration—

Such—such are the arguments of the world.

The rapidity of your conceptions, my dear Emmera, surpasses mine—but it does not take from me my common sense. Let me ask you one question. Do you suppose that the Deity created some hundred millions of human creatures—gave them speech, hearing, understanding, and endowed them with a thousand faculties, useless but in society—placed them in a state of the most intimate society—to alleviate each other's sorrows, and to share their joys? Can you look around this vast world and see, that however various are the climates—however different the tempers, constitutions and ideas of men—yet every where they agree in this one great rule—To live in Society. Does not this, my Emmera, display the design of Providence in the strongest manner? Can you to this oppose one instance—perhaps not such another in the universe? Are single instances of a partial society to be held in competition with the
general

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general system of the world's œconomy?
With the universal dispensations of Omnipotence?

Oh! Sir Philip! there is a fallacy in that argument, which I should not have expected from your real sentiments. Your confounding the practice—the caprice—the villainy of mankind with the divine management, can only lead you into endless errors—By proving too much, you prove nothing at all; for you may with equal reason assert, that it is the dispensation of providence, which draws men into that close society to be met with in great cities—those receptacles of misery—of every shocking vice that can degrade the species—those graves of humanity. These are to be found in every clime—among every people—however different the tempers—constitutions, and ideas of men—in this one point they agree; to live in great Cities. This, there-

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fore, must be the design of the Deity.—Can any thing be more ridiculous than the supposition ! Where is a greater absurdity to be found than these general maxims, founded in a private opinion ! Believe me, my friend, the divine œconomy has too much of wisdom in its frame to be the father of human institutions, fashions, and caprice. Mankind have reason given them for their guide—they can have no better—and this will ever teach them, that a life of retirement and innocence is as consistent with their nature as one of dissipation and luxury.

My dearest Emmera, I must put a conclusion to all arguments with you—You know not what the world is—but you know enough of it to display a strength of reason and a penetration of mind to which I own myself hitherto a stranger—I will allow you confute my arguments, but you do not
 overturn

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overturn the foundations on which they are built. I admire the solidity of your reflections—and am infinitely entertained at that fund of good sense, so conspicuous in every thing you advance. Would to Heaven your father had never opened his lips to you about the world.

Those *worldly* compliments will never carry the force of reasons—and their coming at the tail of your arguments, is not to their credit. But, Sir Philip, you shall not say I am an ignorant creature, void of every thing but prejudice, and chattering away on things I do not understand. Ignorant I may be, but not deaf to the voice of reason—Prejudiced I know I must be in favour of a retirement, which has proved so happy to me—but I will allow the world may be better than the idea I have of it will permit me to think.

Condescend then, my charming Emmera, to allow that we could live happily in England as well as in America.

I do not doubt it. But the one is a certainty—You cannot call the other any thing more than a probability.

Promise me, my dearest, at least to make the trial; I will at the same time swear to return with you the moment you desire it.

No promises, for the world. I am full of terrors at the very idea: nor would that idea ever, from my own suggestions, have entered my mind. Believe me, I think of the possibility of such a conduct, merely because you teize me so much about it, and are so *unhappy here*——

Say not that wicked word, my cruel fair—I cannot be unhappy while blessed with your company; I only wish to have you try both lives, and then prefer which pleases you best.

Well,

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Well, Sir : I will consider of it. But expect an absolute determination never to leave this charming retirement—Then you cannot be disappointed. But let me conjure you, if such should be my resolution, not to render your future life unhappy in banishing yourself from a world which has so many ties to render itself agreeable, in favour of me who can manage to live quite by myself—entirely solitary ; though I had rather never have seen you——

She spoke these words in a faltering, pathetic manner, with tears almost in her eyes—I caught hold of her hand, and dropping on my knees before her—bath'd it with my tears——

No—thou adorable angel—the blessed pattern of super-human excellence—Never—never will I leave you one moment ; but with the most constant, endless passion, be
eter-

eternally your slave——Oh! Emmera!—
 Oh! my dearest—only companion—why—
 why will you not return the truest——most
 ardent passion that ever warm'd a human
 breast!

Alas! Sir Philip, why will you use a lan-
 guage I cannot, must not hear?——Do not,
 for Heaven's sake, do not take advantage of
 my situation——Be content to know, that I
 value you infinitely beyond the idea of all
 other men——You know not how much I
 esteem you——

Esteem me!—Emmera——

Be not captious at a word: You know not
 with what——affection——I——

Oh! Sinclair! what blushes and confusion!
 what painting of the modest soul!—Heavens!
 the extatic sound yet vibrates to my listening
 ears—and soothes me with soul-enchanting
 harmony. 'Twas a sweet turn in her affec-
 tion

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tion which I ne'er knew till then—and fill'd
me with heavenly hopes.

My Emmera ! my life's best joy ! my only
love ! This moment do I swear eternal con-
stancy to that fair soul which does illumine
mine ! Never will I, in thought, word or
deed, offend against your slightest wish—but
let my life flow one continued stream of love,
fidelity and joy ! Most amiable woman !—
most lovely of mortals !

I could have run on for ever, but the dear
angel arose from her seat to recover her little
confusion, and hinted, that it was time to
go. This has been a day, indeed ! I will
pursue my advantage—and, if possible, bring
this angelic creature to consent to make me
capitally happy. Could I but call her mine !
Oh, Sinclair ! how my heart beats at the
very idea !

*

*

*

*

By

By slight degrees, I have brought my dear Emmera to think a little about leaving this retirement, at least for a time——She does not suppose that I discover her thoughts——but, nevertheless, I think I am not mistaken. This morning, while I was conversing with her about those conveniencies in the world, which are of the greatest use in such a retirement as this——she said,

What was your father's design, Sir Philip, in leaving England, with his family, to make so long a stay in America? I doubt he has as bad an opinion of the world as myself.

My father, Madam, had an idea of purchasing an estate in our colonies to good advantage: He was fond of the descriptions he had heard of the country, and had a great curiosity to see it.

And has he purchased?

Not yet. He did not care entirely to fix before he was visibly assured that the country
and

and climate would answer his expectations. He therefore lodges at present at the house of a considerable planter at a back settlement, from whence he makes excursions to view the country.

Did you not once mention a sister of your's that was with him?

My sister and servants compose his present family.

But surely, such a life to her must be very melancholy; for your father, I suppose, is generally out, and she has been used to a very different one.

To most women it would: but my sister, Emmera, has a little of your disposition in her; she cares not the least for a life of dissipation and company, but is very contented with her present situation. She is fond of reading, and passionately so of music—and those two amusements, with the correspondence.

ence she carries on with her friends in England, do not leave her much tedious time.

To me, that appears a strange life: Continued reading must soon exhaust the attention, and pain one's faculties—besides, what numbers of books are necessary—and I have often heard my father complain of the extreme poverty of most that have been published: I cannot but think he would have brought all the really good ones with him to his retirement. As to music, my ideas are certainly very confined, and he never gave me any but very slight explanations, always however adding, that the charming melody of the little feather'd musicians infinitely exceeded the sounds of art.

Your father, my Emmera, was a little prejudiced in every thing relative to the world—but in nothing more so than music—for it is most certainly the most divine amusement

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we have any conception of—and those who are masters of it all agree that no entertainment is so constantly agreeable. It never cloy.

But, Sir Philip, if it is so, still that and reading can only employ the mind—and but very slightly any part of the body. What wholesome labour and exercise does your sister take? Or is she like the ladies in general, who do nothing but sit still and sleep?

No labour, my dear Emmera: but she walks for exercise.

Where does she walk to?

Only for the pleasure of the walk.

What for no business—no employment? That is very strange. Surely there is no living an agreeable, healthy life, without some rural business—My father told me, the ladies of the world in general had neither health nor spirits—but I thought your sister—

She

She was never used to any thing of that kind; and yet, my Emmera, she has both, and I would answer for your thinking her a sensible agreeable woman, and no flighty fine lady of the world.

What would become of my health, my spirits,—and indeed every thing agreeable to me, if I was to lead such a life! Reading and musick!—A little may be very well—but not that little, if previous labour did not render it acceptable. Every lady surely should at least cultivate a little garden—or one field, to save them the fatigue of walking for the sake of walking—and sleeping to pass their time.—But by your description of your sister, I believe I should like her conversation very well.

My charming Emmera, I am sure you would—and why not go and pay her a visit, and give her a little advice to change her life for one more rational?

Ah ! Sir Philip !——To be sure she would take my advice—I understand you. You want me very much to lead the same life——

No, by Heaven ! I would not have you for the universe ; and let us live where we will, our life and employment shall be the same. But, my dear Emmera, consent to a short visit at least——

I—I—Don't forfeit your promise, Sir Philip Chetwyn—I will consider of it.

Jove ! Sinclair ! If I could but bring her to it !——But I will not despair—She broke the conversation off—But I shall re-assume it as soon as possible.

* * *

Heavens ! my friend ! Emmera——the charming Emmera, consents to leave this retirement !——to pay a visit to my sister—Now is the happy moment come ! now, Sinclair,

clair, I am a man ! Kind, consenting, angelic creature ! Nought but eternal sweetness reigns in that fair soul ! This stroke—this most agreeable and almost unexpected tidings, has infused new life into all my hopes. I renewed the conversation to-day, and after a few other questions, she said,

Now, Sir Philip, I doubt you think there is no content in this sweet, this happy, innocent spot—you have your native country in your head—and I am the cause of your uneasiness——

My kindest Emmera, I have experienced too much happiness in this retirement, ever to harbour the slightest dislike to it—nor does one wish to revisit our native country ever enter my heart, unless accompanied by you.

Oh ! then, if I was to consent to visit your sister for a day or two, you would force me to go to England !

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Force you, my dearest!—name not that cruel word. The idea is hateful to me—Never will I ask a thing of you, which I think will not be agreeable to you.

I think you have not deceived me in her character——

No, believe me, my Emmera!

If it would give you satisfaction—and render this place more agreeable to you on our return, I would consent to leave it for a short time.

Oh! my Emmera! Ten thousand blessings rest upon that angelic heart, which seeks nought but to oblige. It will give me infinite satisfaction, my dearest—and make this retirement a thousand times more agreeable than ever. A million of the sincerest thanks flow with rapidity from my grateful soul. When, my Emmera?——when shall we set out?

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Oh ! be not in such a hurry—that impetuosity is what I dread. We must not be in such haste. Remember, if I agree to it, that you promise me——

Any thing, my dearest Emmera——

Not to ask me to stay with your sister longer than is agreeable to myself.

By Heavens ! I will not.

And if I find it agreeable to me to make any stay with her, that you will not ask me to go to England.

Depend upon me, I will not.

Don't be surprized, Sir Philip, at my cautions—I know not how I shall like the society at your father's—it may be disagreeable to me ; and though I agree to take the journey, yet I cannot answer that it will be agreeable to me.

You shall be the sole manager and directress, my angel. I consider your consenting

ing to the visit as a great condescension, and every thing concerning it shall rest entirely in your own breast.

Remember your promise—I expect you should be on honour.

But, my dearest Emmera—when shall we go?

When you please. You shall manage that.

Well then, to-morrow : we require scarce any preparation.

That is rather too soon ; for we must make the signal to our old and faithful friends, the Indians, to give them notice of our leaving this place for a short time, that in case they should accidentally stand in need of our assistance, and come to us for it, they may not find us fled without knowing the reason.

True, my dearest—But I will make the signal to-morrow morning—they will be

with us before night, and then we may very well set off the next morning.

Well, as you please in that : But remember, Sir Philip, the cows and oxen are let out of the enclosures, that in case we stay rather longer than we think at present, they may have the whole valley to range over.

* * * *

What an amiable affection has this dearest of all women for the only place which she remembers—her little world, which contains all she knows, and all she wishes. A thousand slight horrors of a melancholy mind renders the leaving it pathetick to the last degree. We are ready to begin our march, and my Emmera is settling a few little matters, that she may leave her house in good order. Our old faithful friends attended our signal ; and when I explained to them the reason, assuring them, that we did not design
to

to be absent long, but that if accidentally we should, we hoped they would not discover our retreat to any one; adding that, we would not return without bringing fresh stores with us for their assistance on occasion; they, in the warmest manner, assured us of their eternal observance of our directions, most heartily wishing that we might speedily return. Two of them staid to attend us in the journey.

We are now setting off.—Heaven preserve my Emmera in every clime, and in every situation which chance can throw her in. I seal up this, and shall dispatch it immediately; and design writing to you again from my father's. Adieu.

Your's,

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXVII.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

AN unlucky affair, my dearest, has happened since I wrote to you last. My Mr. Sinclair has fought a duel with Colonel Forrester, and kill'd him in it, and of course has fled to France. He is at present at Paris. They fought at Salisbury. Mr. Sinclair came immediately post to London, call'd on me for a quarter of an hour, said he challenged Forrester for a villainous attempt on your brother's mistress, of which affair I knew nothing. He declared to me, with some confusion, that he loved me to distraction. I freely use his own expression; and begged ardently of me, in case he should be necessitated to stay long abroad, not to forget his passion: I was in such confusion the short time he was with me, that I know not what answers I returned.

I must

I must own, my Lucy, that his bravery pleases me beyond measure: Nothing could be more honourable, or more in the style of truly generous friendship, than resenting in such a manner an indignity put upon his friend. Such a behaviour shows the spirit of a gentleman. I have no doubt but he will always conduct himself through life with honour and reputation.

This attempt which Forrester made against your brother's lady incog. must have happened directly before he came in that vile manner to you. Apropos, my dearest, what a confounded fellow! Thank Heaven he has been punish'd according to his deserts—Such a piece of deceit and revenge I think I never heard of: But it must be owned, your father treated him incomparably; and had you known his attempt on your brother's solitude, it would have given fresh poignancy to
every

every toss, severe as they were. But all revenge in return is fully complete : he is dead ; and peace be with his ashes.

Whether Mr. Sinclair will be able by his friends in England to ward off a prosecution from Forrester's friends (nothing of which nature is come on yet) and then be able to procure a pardon, I know not ; but most heartily wish he may, for his absence from England is very far from being indifferent to me. I must own, I admire the man extremely, and wish most heartily that I had never seen him, or the mutual good opinion between us might have come to some agreeable event. My father is excessively concerned at Sinclair's misfortune, and designs speaking to my lord S—— about him ; but doubts much of any success.

* * * *

Mrs. Edgerton called on me this morning in deep mourning :—her husband died in
prison

prison last week. She has more melancholy on the occasion than I expected in her, or thought her capable of; for a more airy, feather of a soul I never met with. During his illness, he sent most pressingly to beg her presence for a few minutes before he died, and from her account of him I cannot wonder at her not being in spirits—it was enough to shock a monster. He was in most terrible apprehensions of another world—even to a madness of horror: Confess'd some shocking affairs to her, of which she had no conception: among others, no less than two murders——Dark indeed! for a small estate in Dorsetshire. He died almost raving mad soon after she left him: and if she regains her former gaiety soon, I shall think she has no reflection in her.

We are going into Northamptonshire for about three weeks; I shall not send this to the post till we return.

* * * *

This

This letter of scraps, my-dear Lucy, two months old, will afford you a wonderful dish of entertainment. But in the sweetness of your disposition, I look for the oblivion of all my dulness. So dependant, I scribble away, and fear not the imputation of stupidity.

No tidings of my amiable Mr. Sinclair: Pray Heaven he may soon regain his native land, never to leave it more! I now feel myself deeply in love indeed—Own it I must—for it makes me miserable, and you, I know, will pity me. Would to Heaven I had never seen him—and yet—aye—it is as well——

* * * *

I called upon Mrs. Edgerton to-day, being melancholy myself, designing to condole with her, and she with me on our sorrows—She was not at home: I flung myself into
her

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her sofa, and turning over a leaf or two of a novel which laid there, found the following billet, which I had the wicked curiosity to read, but am very glad I did.

“As soon as ever you see Miss Hervey, gain all the intelligence you can about Chetwyn and his girl: we are certainly right. If you do not act your part well, Hussy!—you deserve to be hang’d—Think of the reward! and be cunning—C. assures me, Hervey will be routed, horse and foot, the first week of the term, for then the suit comes on—Of all other things, take care of the prison’d dog.—
C. G.”

Directed to Mrs. Edgerton.

I took a copy of it with a pencil directly, and saw by the date that it was only three days old. What the deuce it could mean, I could not conceive—so totally mysterious!—but something was plainly at the bottom,
which.

which I did not like. I had scarce copied and returned it to its place, when I heard Mrs. Edgerton's rap, and in she came. I was amaz'd—she came in with a most jaunty air, followed by a gentleman richly dressed—herself in colours, and quite berigg'd with finery. I saw she was abash'd at the sight of me, but I took no notice of her change of apparel, nor her gentleman attendant, and appeared not to see her confusion. She recovered herself presently, and began to chat about indifferent matters.—I made but a very short visit, and returned home full of conjectures and surprize.

The note I had copied was an inexplicable ænigma. As to Mrs. Edgerton, I was convinced that all friendship with her was dangerous and absurd; I had no opinion of her, and great reason to think she was a most confounded hypocrite, and engaged in some plot of no good countenance. The conclusion
of

of the note made me determine to shew it to my father: I knew he had a law-suit—an old affair, but it never, to my knowledge at least, gave him the least uneasiness.—— What the prison'd dog could mean, I could not guess.

I went to him with it, telling him where, and in what manner I found it—He read it, but said laughing, “Meer stuff, Kitty——nonsense”——I would have argued the matter a little with him, but he made a great joke of it, and stopped me from saying any thing more about it—Whether it be stuff or not, I will have nothing more to say to Madam Edgerton, further than giving her an opportunity to question me about the subject of the note. I will not seal up this till after next week, for I have a mind to see what turn my father's law-suit will take, if there should be any trial.

* * * *

I asked

I asked my father to-day, Lucy, about this law-suit—He told me, it concerned his Berkshire estate: That he came to it in consequence of his brother's will who inherited it, for want of heirs in the right line—that the man with whom he had the suit pretended a descent from such an heir, and claimed the estate accordingly: he added, that it was rather a litigious affair that was clear in his favour, his antagonist wanting to teaze him into purchasing a general discharge, which, however, he would never do.—Pray Heaven my father may really be as secure as he thinks himself.

* * * *

The trial came on according to expectation, and a strange affair it has turned out. My father has lost his cause and estate, most unexpectedly. Good God! Lucy! what an affair is this! Chang'd from nothing to a
matter

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matter of such amazing consequence. But we are all ruined past redemption—Grant us patience, Heaven !

I believe I shall be able to recollect myself enough now to give you some account of this strange and unhappy affair. My father's antagonist is the friend of a former owner of the estate, for want of whose heirs my father possesses the estate. This man carried it on for a daughter of his friend, the reality of whose being was the disputed point—but he proved it sufficiently ; and also that she was on her way home from America (whither her father carried her) for that he had discovered her, and sent repeatedly for her coming over. But what puts this matter out of doubt, was the arrival of the daughter, a young woman, in court, during the trial, who giving satisfactory answers to whatever was asked, as far as she could know

any thing of the matter, and the identity of her person being proved by her attendants, and a remarkable ring, containing the picture of her mother set in diamonds, which was proved to have been in the possession of her father before he left England——In short, these and many other circumstances being legally proved, the decision, after a most remarkable trial, was given against my father, who is now left possessed of scarce an hundred a year, instead of more than twenty times as much.—How the loss is so excessive, I do not yet understand.—However, the young woman, Elizabeth Hervey, my new cousin, with several of her friends, are actually gone down into Berkshire to take possession of her new inheritance. What a strange affair is this! Poverty and wretchedness will be our portions—Oh! Sinclair! Sinclair!——But, alas!——No more.

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Miss Hervey is in treaty I hear to sell her new-acquired estate—There are some strange doings among them, but I hear no particulars. Adieu, my dear Lucy. This letter is swelled to length enough.

C. HERVEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR PHILIP CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

WE arrived at this place last week in perfect health and safety : Heaven be praised for my good fortune ! And yet so accustomed have I been to a sequester'd life, that the change to the society of several persons is attended with no agreeable sensation. I felt an inexpressible surprize, mixed with pain, on seeing any other figure than that of my amiable maid. Our journey was terribly difficult and fatiguing, and would have been too much for any other woman. When we came amongst the settlements, and saw some corn-fields scattered, Emmera made me observe, that the crops were not near so fine as our own little ones—" And see," said she, " how full of weeds this wheat is—how can they keep it clean, so thickly sown ?"—

She

She was sometimes quite hurt at seeing poor crops over-run with weeds. The people we met gave her no great idea of the species—she seemed disgusted at mankind. When we arrived, I asked for Miss Chetwyn, and was immediately shown into her apartment. She was in astonishment at seeing us—"Good God! is it my brother that I see!"—

Even so, Lucy—And I have brought a young lady with me, whose company I am sure will give you no small pleasure.

She saluted Emmera, and express'd great happiness at seeing her. There was but little awkwardness in her return: Nature and her own inimitable sweetness gave an elegance to what little she said, beyond all the varnish of politeness. My father was absent; I was glad of it; as I did not desire to introduce her to several at a time. I turned the first conversation on Emmera's having been secluded from the world so long, and on the

unwillingness with which she entered it ; my sister spoke with good sense and moderation, wishing that what little she now would see of the world, might give her no reason to repent the step she had taken.

Emmera was not very free ; she took great notice of my sister, and seemed to observe her through.

I took an opportunity, when we were alone, to ask her how she liked Lucy——
 “ Very well,” she replied ; “ I think her a sensible, agreeable woman, but she has a thousand ideas of which I have no conception, and many expressions which I do not understand. I don’t wonder at it—for it would be strange if she was otherwise.”
 ——“ But are you so shocked at society, my dearest, as you expected ?” ——“ No,” answered she ; “ but remember, I have seen but little of it yet.”—We retired early to
 the

the apartments my sister had provided for us —after a supper, which gave Emmera a little disgust—The footman was bobbing behind us officiously attentive, which I saw she did not like—I wink'd on my sister, and she sent him away, after setting what we could want on the table. There was a fricassée of chickens, a pigeon-pye, and some other trifles, all of which my sister help'd her to —She tasted them; but I immediately saw she liked none of them—but at last made a hearty meal on bread and butter, with a draught of water, after tasting beer, at which she made a wry face. She drank one glass of wine, which she said was bad; and retired to her chamber with no favourable idea of cookery in the world.

Emmera and myself were up in the morning as soon as Mr. Jones's servants: we took a walk into his plantation, or (more properly speaking) farm, and she was highly enter-

tained with viewing several of the husbandry implements, and the cultivation they bestowed on the earth. She observed, with great pleasure, that none of the fields were so well cultivated as her own, nor produced such abundant crops.—This was matter of great triumph to her, and she failed not to take advantage of it.

My sister had breakfast earlier than usual: Emmera relish'd the tea, and liked the meal in general very well. When it was over, I desired Lucy to play a lesson on her harpsichord, slow, moving, melancholy music, and as she had a German-flute I accompanied her. The amiable maid presently showed in her eyes the pleasure the music gave her. She greedily listened to every note, and when we had done she was in raptures——

Well, Emmera—are not these sounds agreeable?

Oh!

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Oh! most divinely so! This is very amazing—What a most ingenious contrivance is this! (*striking the keys*) I have no conception of the mechanism of this instrument.

Don't you think, Emmera, that this is as agreeable as birds music?

I must confess, it entertains me vastly more. Shall you not be tired if you play another tune?

Not in the least.

We play'd her another concerto in the solemn style, and then several more, which gave her prodigious pleasure. We once chang'd into quick notes of difficult execution, but they gave her visible pain—she seemed delighted to dwell on the slow, melodious movements, which yield a soft melancholy to the soul. Such was the pleasure she received from the music, that I believe she could have heard us a week. But I did
not

not care to let the pleasure she took in it be too far gratified—as any thing in society that gave her pleasure was a material point to me. This of music was the most important of all, for even that day I thought I saw a little of something like lassitude in her, for want of her usual employments. I did not wonder at it, for the change of life was so entire, that it must, in some measure, affect, I should apprehend, the constitution even of her body.

It gave me great satisfaction to find, that my sister made some progress in her good opinion: I often conversed with her about her new ideas, and found with pleasure that she considered Lucy's acquaintance as an addition to her happiness.

Whatever I observed she disliked of manners and customs in our small society, I determined to make use of as an argument to persuade

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persuade her to take a voyage to England, where we might reside some time alone on my estate—and if she refused it, I designed to urge her strongly to an immediate marriage—hoping between the two expectations to gain something to my wishes at least. I broke the petition to her the first opportunity, when I thought I observed a little melancholy in her——

My dearest Emmera, tell me how you like the life we lead here at present.

Not at all, Sir Philip—I was thinking of a return to our little, chearful retirement, which appears a thousand times more agreeable than ever. I like your sister extremely, and must own I should regret her loss—but as to every thing else which your boasted state of society——

Don't be too severe, my Emmera—nor judge of what I call a state of society, from
what

what you see here. This life is as disagreeable to me as it is to you—and was it not for Lucy's company, I could not exist here a moment. We move here to the hours and customs of other people: we have no employment—no amusement but music—all is melancholy—But, my dear Emmera, that would not be the case, if we were settled by ourselves on a pretty little farm, to cultivate as we did in our retirement, with no more company than was agreeable—my sister now and then, for instance, with a little concert of music; and if we liked to look on the busy world a little to laugh at it, we might, in the midst of all, be snug and retired.

You draw an agreeable picture, I must confess.

It is what may be realized at once, my Emmera; if you will agree to take a voyage to England, and settle on my estate—to try only how you like it——

Oh!

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Oh ! Sir Philip—think of your promise—
A voyage to England !

Why, my Emmera, it would be but a
slight affair—a favourable gale would pre-
sently waft us thither ; and if you did not
like it when you had tried it a little, why
we would return for life to our hermitage.

I cannot consent to this, Sir Philip, but
must prefer my petition in return ; that you
will perform your promise, and return now
to our farm—If you like not the life—only
send me back, and you, you know, can
enter the world at your pleasure.

Why such cruel words ! Emmera. You
know I will live and die with you—I can
exist nowhere else. I will return with you.
I perform my promise : But, my Emmera,
with no trifling, but the greatest seriousness,
must I beg of you to consent first to be mine
for ever——

That

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That is ungenerous, Sir Philip—Do not urge me at present.

My dearest fair one (*taking her tenderly by the hand*) you know not with what excess of affection I adore you—I have long lived your only companion—surely you know me enough. I pretend not to be worthy of you; that is impossible; but have I not some right to wish at least—to expect you should pity my feelings!—Oh! Emmera! this is my only opportunity. Consent, my dearest, to make me happy——

Urge me not at present. I cannot hasten into any thing so important, without some consideration. I must reflect on——

My dearest, you have had time enough to reflect—Here we lead a life disagreeable to us both—you will not try England—I am going to accompany you to our retirement—and there, you know, we cannot—Consider, my Emmera—consent to it now—

I can-

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I cannot—Do—pray give me time to think a little—You know how good an opinion I have of you——

Yield to my wishes, Emmera—now——

I cannot think of engaging for life in such a connection without some consideration—If you will faithfully promise me to return, if it is disagreeable to me, I will go with you to England——

Faithfully I this moment give you the promise—but, Emmera, this must not be a meer evasion from making me the happiest of mankind——

It shall not—I shall then have time to consider.

I again urged her to both, but in vain—the kept to her promise to go with me to England, but would have time to consider well before she agreed to our marriage: I saw clearly her fear of my being a different character in the world to what she had known

me

me in retirement. I have persuaded my sister to accompany us, if my father will consent, who comes home in a day or two—This point gained gives me great pleasure; it is more than I expected.

* * * *

My father is come home, and expressed great satisfaction at seeing me—he gave me hearty and sincere joy at my finding so amiable and beautiful a young lady so accidentally—consented at once to Lucy's going with us, and we accordingly set off next Tuesday.

* * * *

Philadelphia.

We are arrived here: The journey took us more time than can be supposed, for Emmera and myself got into the coach but little; the motion disagrees with her—Lucy could not travel like us, we were therefore
forced

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forced to send over for one. I sent before to procure as private lodgings as possible, until a ship sets sail that can accommodate us conveniently. Emmera has seen but little of the town, but expresses great dislike at the idea in general, and takes no pleasure in a sight so perfectly novel.

She continues in tolerable spirits, and wishes to arrive at *our little farm*.

I am at present in haste, and shall therefore conclude myself, &c.

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir PHILIP CHETWYN [in Continuation.]

Chetwyn Manor.

IN the first place, my dear Sinclair, let me express the ardent wishes I have, that your affair may be as speedily compromised as you have reason to think it will: I am extremely glad to hear that your pardon is in a fair way of reaching you quickly. This was most grateful news to me, I assure you.

We landed in England last week, after an agreeable, speedy voyage, and instantly set out for this place, without a soul's knowing of it. There was nobody in the house but my old steward and his wife, who were very warm, and, I believe, very sincere in their expressions of joy at seeing me; but had no beds, nor other accommodations ready for us. I ordered that no mortal, more than absolutely
 necess-

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necessary, should know of our arrival. The first night we lay in our cabin-beds; but had bedding, &c. well aired the next day.

I laid down a plan of life before I arrived, which I determined to follow, and deviate as little from it as possible; for the most important object of my life is Emmera's not being disgusted with her residence in England—I therefore resolved to render the place as similar to that we had left, as the nicest management could effect.

My house is a tolerable good one, situated near the center of my estate; the adjoining fields very woody, and not wanting in the beauties of landscape. The garden luckily was very large; and what I did not dislike, the hedges in and about it grown quite wild and woody: I turned it immediately into the chief part of our new farm; three other small fields which lay contiguous made up the remainder. By throwing down hedges

—altering doors, gates, windows, &c. I presently connected it with a small barn and a stable—and making a new door into a parlour, had an immediate communication with an apartment of the house almost detached from the rest of it.

Of this new dominion we took immediate possession; excluding all servants from attending us, and having scarce any communication with the world. We laboured extremely hard to bring our new arable land into good order. *I* ploughed it thoroughly, to prepare it for seed wheat, and my dearest Emmera, with more chearfulness than I expected, assisted me as she had used to do at the American farm. Thank Heaven, she began her labours without any disgust: *This* novelty was not displeasing to her; and she was entertained with several garden-herbs I introduced, which we had not in our old farm.

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farm.—The culture we bestowed on them caught her attention, to the advantage of the place. Lucy partook in our labours a little, and not without laughing at us both—however, Emmera was greatly pleased with her company, and her harpsichord was a constant addition to our amusements. Some few books also I added to our old collection, which opened a new world to my Emmera's ideas. Thus we entered on our new life, and I had no reason to fear that my amiable fair one would repent the change she had made.

My arrival could not be kept so secret, but the neighbourhood presently knew of it. Some old acquaintance called to see me, but were all denied. Yesterday Mr. Stephenson and his wife, with their country bluntness, would come in—their damn'd curiosity, I suppose, at the bottom—Emmera and myself were at our labour in the farm——“Heigh

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day!" cried the fool, "Why what the devil does this mean! what! turned labourer—Come, come, my American lad and lass—in with us—let us hear a little—Come—what news from the savages?"——Emmera stared at him with no pleasure, I saw by her looks. —"Savages!" replied I—"I am glad to hear then that I am come amongst a polite people —The assertion was wanting, methinks—for, from the specimen you exhibit, it was very doubtful, I assure you."

Nay, Sir Philip, ben't affronted—

Sir, I want neither your company nor conversation.

This hint was rather too broad for him to mistake it—they turned their backs immediately and left us.

Dear Sir Philip, said Emmera, how could you behave so roughly to that gentleman and lady!

My

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My dearest Emmera, because they had the impertinence to break into our retirement in such a manner.

I was then unluckily caught, for she discovered that I had ordered myself to be denied to every one: This gave her uncommon uneasiness.

You must allow me to assert, Sir Philip, that this conduct surprizes me. What can be your inducement for living, as I may justly call it, in a constant lie?

My dearest Emmera, to live to your inclination is the only wish of my heart. I know you love retirement—and it is equally agreeable to me. Why, therefore, should we live exposed to every impertinent visitor, that intrudes on us merely to satisfy his own curiosity?

This is very amazing—If any of your neighbours think proper to take the trouble of visiting us—it can be only through their

own kindness and benevolence—as they have no interest in it—Is that impertinence! Or is it consistent with common humanity to lock your doors on such people! and to refuse their friendly visit with the guilt of an untruth!—Oh! Sir Philip! how different from the house, where no door——

Cease, my Emmera, to let any thing of this nature give you a moment's uneasiness—It shall be changed immediately, if you request it—but then, my dearest, remember and be not disgusted at people of your own admitting.

If this management is owing to me—any thing will be more agreeable than a conduct so void of all generosity.

I would have warded off the blow if possible—but in vain—an order is therefore given to admit every body—I dread the consequence; but so it must be. Adieu, Sinclair. You shall hear from me again speedily.

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXX.

Miss HERVEY to Miss CHETWYN.

THANK Heaven, my dearest, you are landed—I received your kind note, and shall obey your call, but strange affairs at present prevent my coming. I designed you a long letter, but have time to write only a few lines.

The woman that, under the proof and pretence of being Elizabeth Hervey, gained my father's estate, is an impostor. I think I told you in my last to America, she was gone down to Berkshire, and had offered it to sale—with some other odd transactions. She would have taken half its value, if the price was paid her immediately—but her eagerness to sell gave such suspicions, that nobody ventured to purchase it. But, I hear, she got five hundred pounds on it by a mortgage.

No

No sooner was the arrival of Sir Philip Chetwyn known, than she, with all her crew and her five hundred pounds, fled to France. So strange a turn astonished my father—and made him reflect on the whole affair with redoubled attention. He again read the note I had met with so accidentally at Mrs. Edgerton's. He considered the postscript about the *prisoned dog*; he asked what I knew of her history: I told him. “This Mrs. Edgerton, said he, is certainly the impostor—and the tale of her husband being dead a mere falsity—But I will know the truth.”—

He accordingly went to the Fleet (I think that was the prison) and made an enquiry after Mr. Edgerton; he was answered, that he died some time ago. My father would not be satisfied with the answer—he threatened the keeper—all in vain—at last he gained the truth by bribery—and was conducted to him.

him. A more miserable object he never beheld : he believes, had he come a day later, he really would have been dead. He laid open the affair, and conjured Edgerton to discover whatever he knew of it. The almost dying man broke into a most outrageous cursing of his wife—said she was a damned impostor, and had deceived him into enabling her to compleat her villainy, on a profusion of promises she had made him. That he laid open to her every circumstance of the law-suit relationship ; the knowledge of which he had gained from his friend Forrester, who plotted the same destruction, but did not live to execute it—that he got the fatal ring from Chetwyn's girl when he attempted to carry her off—that he had consigned it to his care, and he, like a fool, had given it up to his wife—He added, that if he lived, and his evidence could be of any use in exposing the villainy of his wife, and punishing her for perjury, he would freely give the whole.

My

My father returned very well satisfied with his information, and it soon appeared true enough. Mrs. Edgerton was no where to be found—and he had soon after intelligence from Bologne, that she was landed there. He has since had several conferences with his lawyers, and they all are of opinion, that if your brother's American lady can produce a few papers, the titles of which I inclose by my father's desire, her being the real Elizabeth Hervey will be proved sufficiently, for the strength of all the impostor's evidence is on her side, as Mrs. Edgerton gained the suit, merely by pretending to be what she really is.

Thus, my dear Lucy, the estate in question is clearly the property of your brother's Incognita; for none of our lawyers assert the contrary, even if she has not those papers—but only that they will prove it beyond contradiction. My father bid me
inform

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inform you, that he has no resignation to make, for the young lady has nothing to do but to take possession; and that he is very glad it becomes the property of the true owner instead of an impostor.

Mr. Sinclair arrived in London last Tuesday. Generous man! Notwithstanding the loss of fortune—he has demanded my father's consent for an immediate marriage, and in my next I may be able to name the day. The idea of his affection supports me: Would to Heaven it could my dear father!

Adieu, my Lucy; I remain, &c.

C. HERVEY.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir PHILIP CHETWYN to Mr. SINCLAIR.

YOU certainly know, my dear friend, the state of the extraordinary affair, of which Miss Hervey wrote my sister an account. She disclosed it to my dear Emmera, making known to her her birth, and that she was the possessor of her family estate, and named the papers, of which Miss Hervey inclosed a list. Emmera said she had those identical papers among some others of her father's, but that none of them gave her any insight into the name of her family. Lucy then informed her, that her right was clear and indisputable. Her answer was as follows:

That this affair should ever happen, gives me more pain than I can express, for I have no desire that any one should have obligations to me—but as to taking an estate, which has been so many years in the possession

possession of another worthy family, who will be reduced almost to want without it—an estate, which has occasioned the practice of so much villainy—which may involve me, and all that inherit after me, in the wretchedness which my father escaped when he lost it: No; I will have the possession of no such estate—no addition to my present poverty shall cause one moment's uneasiness to any person—What may be the value of this estate?

Near forty thousand pounds.

Well; all I shall take of the forty is four thousand pounds, which I will get you, Sir Philip, to expend in some necessaries of life, and transmit them to our old neighbours the Indians, to divide among themselves. Gratitude obliges me, on such an occasion, not to forget them.

Heavens! my dear Emmera (by that name I shall ever call you) what generosity of soul is this!

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I am sorry you think it so, Sir Philip—Nature, I am sure, would never give that title to refusing to make ones-self richer at the expence of another's happiness. (*And turning to Lucy*) Be so good, Madam, as to inform your friend, my new-discovered cousin, that the moment her father can forward any writing, which will give up all title to the estate, excepting the sum I mentioned, I shall immediately sign it.

And now, my dear Sinclair, believe me when, with all sincerity, I assure you, that this generosity of the dear angel gives me no small pleasure; I rejoice that you will now marry a woman with all the fortune you expected—Was I certain that this extraordinary woman would be my wife, and of course that she was generous at my future expence, it would give me equal satisfaction; for before Heaven, I had rather have the infinite happiness of seeing such a blaze of excellency

lency in the soul of her I love, than twenty estates—Mine already is a very noble one for my rank in life—more than sufficient for all my family—and I am sure, if I marry Emmera, I shall have no expensive wife. Believe me, Sinclair, that this unusual piece of generosity gives nothing but pleasure to any one here—Assure the Herveys of the same, and tell Mr. Hervey to send a resignation immediately. This is Emmera's desire, she will not be easy until it is signed.

Oh! my friend, did you but know with what raptures I contemplate this angelic soul! —She is more than human.

* * * *

Tuesday.

I am not at all pleased with the event of admitting all visitors. In consequence of it, we have had several; some among them of the stupid, hum-drum order, who gave no

offence to my Emmera; but among the rest, Sir George Airy and his lady, sister and cousin—lady Betty Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Complin, made one afternoon's party, coming suddenly on us while I was in a fustian frock, digging in the farm, and my dear Emmera quite in dishabille, hoeing a bed of carrots. As soon as we were informed that some company was come to see us, we left our business to attend them—and such is the force of a rational, unprejudiced mind, that my fair labourer, with all the dignity of mild benevolence, walked into the presence of a set of well dress'd visitors, without one thought about the comparative meanness of her apparel. What false shame is the inheritance of fashionable politeness!

Emmera, with great sweetness of manner, answered what questions were asked her about America; but Sir George, complimenting her in a flighty manner on her leaving

ing

ing such a wilderness of savages, the word gave her a disgust——

I don't understand that expression, Sir: Pray what do you mean by savages?

Mean, Madam! 'Pon honor, I mean the very reverse of what they ought to be, that were illumin'd by such beauty as your's— You know what I mean——you can tell, Madam.

I suppose you mean the Indians, Sir—— But so far are they, in my opinion, from being savages, that I assure you, Sir, they are neither vain of their dress—nor conceited of their impertinence—nor had I ever a compliment paid me by one of them at the expence of common sense and sincerity.

The dear creature gave him a look a little scornful with this smart reply, and from that time the company were a little cautious of being free with her. A variety of flippant

conversation about stuff and trumpery passed the time away during tea : Emmera, I could see, thought it very trifling. As soon as tea was over, lady Betty began to talk of Quadrille, saying, "Now, Sir George, I will give you your revenge." I call'd for cards, and to it they went. A run of ill luck made Mrs. Complin intolerably ill natured—"Well! this is monstrous!—not one ask—Miss Airy, you are a shocking neighbour—always ask—There is no bearing this."—And then losing a vole, she began to quarrel with her partner, and fought over the whole game again—Disputes arose, and the whole room presently was an infernal region, in which Spadil, like the devil with the trident of hell, hurl'd ruin and destruction by turns to three fourths of the company : As they grew warm with cards, their eagerness and quarrels encreased, till all engaged appeared like Bedlamites. Emmera flipt out of the room, and I followed her immediately——

Good

Good Lord! Sir Philip, what is the matter with them?—I can't perceive that you occasioned their quarrel; but for Heaven's sake appease them.

My dearest Emmera, (*replied I, smiling*) you know not half the absurdities of the world—They are not quarrelling, but at an amusement—they are diverting themselves.

Diverting themselves!—That is very strange—for I heard one lady say, with tears in her eyes, that she had lost all her money.

Why, my dear Emmera, did you never hear your father nor myself say any thing about gaming in the world?

But very slightly.* Is this gaming?

Yes, my dearest—but they game but little; that is, they play for very little money.

And is this any amusement to you, Sir Philip?

Far from it, my dearest—it disgusts me greatly. But Emmera, why would you not allow me to refuse them admittance?

There is a falsity and deceit in such a conduct, that I cannot hear it. But what a sad alternative it is to act so, or have such companies of mad creatures as these are! Oh! Sir Philip, there was nothing of this in America.

When the party left us, lady Betty asked our company for the Friday following—I would have avoided the visit, in a general assurance of waiting on her, but she was explicit, and asked Emmera if she would not favour her with her company, to which the sweet creature answered in the affirmative: I afterwards cautioned her against engaging herself, but she said, if they were good natured enough to ask her, it certainly was meant a kindness, and therefore she had no idea of refusing it. We accordingly went
on

on the day appointed, Lucy in the coach, and Emmera and myself on foot, as it was only three miles. In our way we came up with a waggon stuck fast in the road, and the driver whipping his horses most cruelly, to make them do what was beyond their strength. Emmera's humane heart was touch'd at the sight exceedingly—the tears ran down her cheeks, and she lifted up her hands at the barbarity of the fellow. I call'd to him, with a tone of authority, to cease at his peril—but he gave me a curse, and whipp'd away harder than before: Had not Emmera been with me I should have made mince-meat of the bruin, but she withheld me. I never knew any body more affected than she was at the sight—almost to fainting; nor did she recover herself that day.—

The visit was nearly a repetition of the same absurdities as the former one to our-

selves : Cards fill'd up the general vacuity of time—the same bickerings, uneasiness and discontent attended the card-table as ever. Mr. Morley, who seemed by his conversation to be a sportsman, took occasion to congratulate Mr. Bannister (lady Betty's husband) on *laying one Deeks by the heels*, who, it seems, was a poacher, and had been caught taking a hare—The two sportsmen talked over the affair with great glee, and triumphed much in *the manner of securing the dog*. Emmera, who was surprized to hear that a man was punished only for killing a hare, was a little inquisitive in her questions to the gentlemen ; and she discovered, that instead of inflicting the common punishment the law decreed, they had ruined the fellow by attacking him at law for the offence, loading him with such law expences, that he must lay in prison for life : She also learnt, that the poor fellow

left

left a wife and three helpless children to charity for their maintenance. She gave no reply to their expressions of satisfaction ; but the moment we were alone—"Just Heaven !" said she, " what a vile affair is that of the poor man imprisoned for killing a hare ! Oh ! Sir Philip, my blood runs cold to think of the intolerable wickedness in the world, and amongst people that think themselves refined in their understandings and polished in their ideas ! These are the people that call the Americans savages ! Virtuous and amiable people ! I have quitted the neighbourhood of men to become the companion of brutes !—What do you design to do, Sir Philip ?

To discharge that poor man from prison, by paying his persecutors demands.

I am glad you thought of it.

But think, Sir Philip, if I have already met with such an instance, what thousands

of

of harmless people must be in misery all around us, so wretchedly unprotected by your boasted laws! You may deliver this man, but think of this cursed law—we live almost in the very den of tyranny. Sir Philip, the world is odious to me, nor shall I have one moment's serenity of mind, till you speed me hence to a clime of peace and liberty. I will return to my old retirement—I—

Cease, my angelic Emmera, nor cast reproaches on me for bringing you where you alone would come: Why would you not be content to live with me on our farm, and suffer none of the inhabitants of this vile world to interrupt us with their impertinencies! Consent, my dearest, to live as I proposed.

Can any thing be so absurd! If we seclude ourselves from the world, why not as well in America as England. Why not remove from

all

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all this confusion of folly and misery, where we are liable to have it break in upon us every moment, to a sweet retirement, where nothing reigns but innocence and perpetual harmony ! We cannot stir out here, but our eyes, ears, and every sense is caught with objects of wretchedness :—There we meet with nothing of that sort—nothing that can offend the sereneest mind. Indeed, Sir Philip, it would be the highest folly to remain here.

I made use of every argument I could think of to persuade her to change her mind, but all in vain : She begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to think no more about her, to send her to her dear home, and leave her to her fate. My heart bled at every word she uttered. I swore never to forsake her, and if she persisted in her resolution, to attend her forthwith. What will be the event, I know not : but she appears determined.

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*

Emmera

Emmera is resolved to go. We went to our market town the other day at her desire, to buy some kitchen utensils, and some implements in the farming way, which she recollected we should want at our American farm: As the devil would have it, a deserter was whipping most severely on the market hill, as we walked over it, with a croud of people viewing the punishment with great satisfaction. "Heavens!" cried Emmera, "what can this mean! What cruelty is this!" I explained to her his crime, and the necessity of punishing it severely—"Good God!" answered she, "so this poor creature is whipt to death for leaving one employment to follow another: He makes a change for the better, and is lash'd to death for it—and these people!—Where is their feeling! Think of viewing such a sight without horror—Heavens, Sir Philip, let us leave this detestable country with all speed."

Nothing

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Nothing could happen at a more unlucky time : it clench'd her resolution. She was now fixed as fate. I saw her so strongly determin'd, that I was convinced it would be in vain to oppose her : I therefore resolved to intreat her without delay, and before we embarked, to be mine for ever—I spoke to her as follows :

Emmera, I consent. I will attend you to America ; and have no doubt of spending the remainder of my life in perfect ease and happiness with you, provided you consent to make me first supremely happy. You must now allow the reasonableness of my request —You cannot—must not refuse me !——

Sir Philip, if your resolution is really fixed, and founded on your inclination, it gives me great pleasure : On my own part, I shall not practise any of the arts I have heard you condemn my sex in the world for—I shall be

in

in no disguise—If you really are determined in your purpose, and will give the assurance of a man of honour never to oblige me to come again into society, I consent to be your wife. You know my poverty—but I will endeavour to make up in friendship and affection what I want in money.

Jesu Maria! what a speech was this!—My answer—No answer would my overflowing soul admit—other than silence. I clasp'd her in my arms, and burst into tears of love and gratitude—and was some minutes lost in a delirium of joy.—Every thing is fixed, to-morrow she will be mine.

* * * *

Give me joy, my friend! I am a happy man indeed! Emmera, the beautiful Emmera, is mine! The lucky die is cast in my favour, and I am fixed in more than human happiness. What a woman! Oh! Sinclair!

The

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The swift-wing'd lightening of fancy's eye
ne'er glanc'd on such another ! All fortune's
quiver emptied on me alone ! 'Tis more than
I could expect.

* * * *

I have settled every thing, and expect to
embark in a day or two : Lucy accompanies
us. I have freighted two ships with, I think,
every possible convenience we can want in the
farming life, and a variety of common ne-
cessaries, with noble presents of my wife's
for the Indians. I inclose my dear Emmera's
resignation properly signed and witnessed to
you—please to convey it to Mr. Hervey.
Emmera would have answered his letter of
thanks, but there is so much said in it of
gratitude, &c. that she can command no
words that will sufficiently figure after his
expressions, which convey so many more
thanks than any thing she has done deserves.

I also

I also send you a letter of attorney to receive my rents, and place them for my use in the publick funds. This is a trouble you must allow me to give you—Sinclair, I wish in Heaven you would one day or other with your wife, take a voyage to America—Do but come and see what a picture of happiness our retirement will present to you :—This must be—but more of it another time.

Adieu. Your's,

P. CHETWYN.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir PHILIP CHETWYN [in Continuation.]

America.

WE are at last arrived at the old scene of all my former happiness—after a tedious voyage, and a yet more tedious journey by land. I took the common inland navigation, almost to the country of our neighbours the Indians, and then had no small difficulty to gain their town by land, for our baggage was very considerable: At last, however, we effected it, and dismissed all our attendants, determining never to let the former road to our retirement be known again if we can prevent it. This is very round about, and leads only to the Indian town. Those faithful people received us with great joy, and were extremely diligent

in forwarding our baggage across the lake to our lonely habitation—notwithstanding which, our journey was the business of some weeks: but, Heaven be praised, we are all arrived in perfect health, and Emmera in wonderful spirits at regaining a place so dear to her. Her expressions of joy at seeing it were quite romantic; and I must freely own, I beheld it again with an inexpressible satisfaction. Lucy says it is the most delightful spot in the universe. Her father will pay us a visit in a few months; he met us at Philadelphia; was going to one of the northern colonies on business.

Thus, my friend, I hope I may say I am settled for life; settled in the possession of a woman infinitely valuable for every amiable quality that adorns the human soul; for every pleasing grace, and every beauty of person that can render her charming to my attentive eye.

Such

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Such a woman I never before met with ; nor knew I till I became acquainted with her, what was simplicity of mind. Amiable simplicity ! ten thousand times more charming than all the polish'd elegance of the world's art.

The life in which I am now fixed, is no novelty to me : I have already experienced it without the tender endearing advantages which I now enjoy—I then found it teeming with peace of mind, and most perfect health of body—I found it rational and amusing—philosophical and agreeable : How can I have any doubts of what it will prove now ? No, Emmera, no, best of women ; the life that shines with the possession of such a jewel, must be happy !

The most unusual strength of reason in my amiable wife, has long drawn a most

striking comparison between society and retirement—A comparison, founded in the clearest observation, the most judicious remarks, the most humane attention to the interests of mankind: Can I, who have been the constant witness to the truth of her conclusions—who have tasted such genuine happiness in her favourite solitude—Can I be blind to the voice of reason, sense and understanding!—Nothing could ever speak stronger to me than the experience I have had—I embrace with joy that life which I know to be happy—I embrace the choice of my dearest Emmera—I resign myself to the guidance of that heavenly woman, and doubt not but health and the most delicious enjoyments will flow at her command—Thus solitude is pregnant with all the blessings I can wish—My wife and my little farm are the world to me: Sinclair, I wish you all the

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happiness your world can give you ; but this shall be my motto, which, though of no striking elegance, is literally true in me.

——Nam quæ deserta et inhospita tæsqua
Credis amœna vocat, mecum qui sentit; et odit
Quæ tu pulchra putas.

F I N I S.